

Shaft of Mount Lookout Colliery is Wrecked—Price of Soft Coal Advanced.

ered themselves, if they had to be lowered, to the level of street ruffians. Their criticism savors more of the slums than it does of people who pre-

It is not possible for the proprietors to publish more than a very few of the numerous letters received in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and telling of its remarkable cures. They come from people of every walk in life, and from every State in the Union. The following is from Mr. T. W. Greathouse of Prattsburg, Ga., speaks for itself: "I would have been dead now but for the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have suffered from Diarrhoea after seven years of suffering. I can never say too much in praise of that remedy."—(Adv.)

Three hundred and eighty thousand pages of literature and many books and papers have been distributed in the interest of peace; 158 public meetings held; the public press has been utilized; the radio has been given; resolutions passed in ten conventions of various organizations, and hundreds of peace songs placed in schools and homes.

10:30 a.m.; 1:30 p.m.; 3:30 p.m.; 5:30 p.m. for Playa
Leave Front street, turn right onto Santa Monica for Playa
Del Rey, 10:30 a.m.; 1:30 p.m.; 3:30 p.m.; 5:30 p.m.; 7:30 p.m.
10:30 a.m.; 1:30 p.m.; 3:30 p.m.; 5:30 p.m.; 7:30 p.m.
Leave Ocean Park, Hill street, old Santa Fe
Depot, 7:30 a.m.; 9:30 a.m.; 11:30 a.m.; 2:00 p.m.;
4:00 p.m.; 6:00 p.m.; 8:30 p.m.

Returning, leave Playa Del Rey for Los Angeles,
Ocean Park and Santa Monica, 7:30 a.m.; 9:30 a.m.;
10:30 a.m.; 12:15 p.m.; 2:45 p.m.; 4:45 p.m.; 6:15
p.m.; 8:15 p.m.

Hotel Playa Cafe now open; meals served;
la carte or American plan. Fine boating on
the lagoon. Go down to Del Rey and see for
yourself what is being done. All cars go via
Ocean Park. It's a delightful trip.

Everything strictly first-class. Largest American plant, 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.
 Little to no waiting.

OCEAN—FRESHNESS. Sea shells, natural; cleaned and packed in dry quantity; also
 California wild sea shells. Come and see them made at Wheeler Cuts Ch.
 544 & Broadway or 544 & 5th St., between 4th and 5th. Catalogue free.

MEHEYS'S BIG CURIO STORE—The largest and most complete Curio Store in
 the kind in the world. Natural
 Shells, human collection of curiosities, etc. 229 Van Ness Hotel.

ARTISTIC FRUITS—FRUIT GARDENS MADE TO ORDER. Fruit artistically
 artist style. Permanent. Sell fruit artistically and graciously. D.
 BOWEN, Furrier, 247 S. Broadway, opposite City Hall. Telephone 3496.

CAMPBELL'S—Established 24 years. Complete Indian Goods. Shells, Hawaiian
 goods, etc. 229 Van Ness Hotel. Catalogue free. CAMPBELL'S CURIO STORE, 229 South Spring St.

First-class newly furnished, comfortable, clean, first-class to last. Price, 100 West First.

RESTAURANT
Dine At Le
The United States, Oklahoma
City, Oklahoma, 100 West First.

EUROPA RESTAURANT
100 West First, Oklahoma
City, Oklahoma, 100 West First.
Dine At Le, The United States,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, 100
West First.

[illegible]

Fact.
most work on the following:
The College of Business & Economics
The College of Engineering
The College of Letters & Science
The College of Pharmacy
The College of Education
The College of Arts & Sciences
The College of Law
The College of Medicine
The College of Dentistry
The College of Nursing
The College of Music
The College of Fine Arts
The College of Agriculture
The College of Forestry
The College of Veterinary Medicine
The College of Pharmacy
The College of Education
The College of Arts & Sciences
The College of Law
The College of Medicine
The College of Dentistry
The College of Nursing
The College of Music
The College of Fine Arts
The College of Agriculture
The College of Forestry
The College of Veterinary Medicine

SPORTS RECORD
BABIES PLAY WITH PIGSKIN.
The Providence eleven excelled at all points and at 35 minutes after the first few minutes of play did the Quakers have a chance to win. Their only score was made on a fumble by Baker a few minutes after the play was begun. Pennsylvania scored one touchdown.

ONE STABLE INSIDE ALL THE MONEY AT WORK.
McKENNEY, CALHAN AND LUCIAN APPEARED, ONE, TWO, THREE.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—McKenney, Calhan and Lucian Appeared, all three coupled as the Durnell & Hers entry. Finished one, two, three as named in the Chicago Handicap at Worth today. McKenney simply played with his stable companions, covering the mile and a quarter in 1:26 3/4, against the former record of 1:25 3/4.

WEST POINT BOYS SCORE.
BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
WEST POINT, N.Y., Oct. 18.—The thousand spectators witnessed the Military Academy football team score against the strong Harvard eleven in a fiercely-contested battle here today. The game was an exciting one from start to finish, resulting in a score of 14 to 6 in favor of Harvard.

INDIANS BEAT CORNELL.
BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
ITHACA (N.Y.), Oct. 18.—The Cornell football eleven was defeated on Perry Field by the Cornell Indians today. The score was 10 to 6, and all of the scoring was done in the first half. The Indians were at their very best and they could not have met Cornell when the Ithacans were in worse shape. Cornell's back field was crippled.

COLLIER NOT IN FT.
BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
THREE, Oct. 18.—Columbia's eleven trounced the Hamilton eleven here today by a score of 35 to 0. The game was noteworthy for spectacular plays, two of which were made by Harold Weekes. Weekes was caught the ball at Columbia's 3-yard line and ran 35 yards down the field, the longest run ever made in the game. Soon after the touchdown, Weekes was again caught the ball and ran 35 yards down the field, the longest run ever made in the game.

WINS EASILY.
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FLAMES FROM THE WIRES
A dispatch from Cairo reports 114 new cases of cholera and 57 deaths. The epidemic has been spreading since it was first reported in New York City, and November 13 has been set as the last day on which proposals will be entertained.

RELIANCE BADLY BEATEN.
NEVADA UNIVERSITY GAME.
BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
RENO (Nev.), Oct. 18.—The first football game of the season was today between the Reliance Athletic Club of Oakland and the University of Nevada, resulting in a score of 16 to 0 in favor of Nevada. The game was called on the university campus at 2:30 p.m.

BLOODED EQUINES SOLD OFF.
BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Oct. 18.—Senator Stanford's famous bloodstock farm saw the beginning of its end today, when sixteen two-year-olds and nine broodmares were auctioned off.

ST. LOUIS FAIR GROWS BUSTLE.
ST. LOUIS, Oct. 18.—Fair grounds summary:
Six furlongs, selling: Miss Eon won, Happy Chappy second, Matilda third; time 1:17 1/4.
Six and a half furlongs: Parnassus won, Wadsworth second, Deer second; time 1:21.
Five and a half furlongs, selling: Loomis won, Kingstone second, Ida Pensance third; time 1:16 3/4.

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DANDRUFF IS A SIGN OF DANGER
It means falling hair and future baldness, unless you use

Newbro's Herpicide

The continued hacking cough is no more surely a sign of lung disease than is continued dandruff a sign of scalp disease. Let the man, with dandruff or itching scalp, who laughs at this statement, today, have his picture taken for comparison ten years hence, and then he may admit his error and begin treatment, for as long as some hair remains there is hope. The dandruff microbe works slowly, but, if undisturbed, very sure.

It was Prof. Unna
Of the great charity hospital at Hamburg, Germany, who first discovered that dandruff, itching scalp, falling hair, and consequent baldness are caused by a germ or microbe that enters the hair follicles, where it saps the life of the hair root, ultimately causing its destruction. His discovery has been verified by such men as Neuman, Brook, Lassar, Mahop, Merrill, and many others. Prof. Sabouraud, in a recent authoritative work (French text), says: "Baldness is a contagious disease caused by a microbe. So far from being a disease of old age, it is an affliction of youth. It begins in the young, and increases whether rapidly or slowly, up to the fiftieth year." Newbro's Herpicide absolutely stops parasitic growth in the scalp, thus permitting the hair to grow luxuriantly and abundantly, as nature intended. Read what Geo. B. Fox, of Detroit, Michigan, says: "I have been greatly troubled with dandruff and falling hair for the past three years, and for all that time I have used a large number of so-called dandruff and falling hair cures. None benefited me until I commenced using Newbro's Herpicide, and if I had not obtained it I certainly would have become bald within a very short time. I have been using it now about three weeks, and my head is free from dandruff, my hair has stopped falling out, and new hair is coming in very rapidly. You certainly have a wonderful remedy."

A delightful Hair Dressing.
Keeps the scalp sweet, pure and wholesome.
Indispensable for the toilet table.
Keeps the scalp sweet, pure and wholesome.

Warning!
Don't expect satisfactory results from anything but the drug that told you was "just as good" as Newbro's Herpicide. Remember, too, that the corner of Herpicide has caused the market to be flooded with so-called dandruff germ destroyers. There is no cure for dandruff, itching scalp, and falling hair, except Newbro's Herpicide, and that is Newbro's Herpicide at bottom.

Get a Sample Direct from the Factory.
CUT THIS OUT.
I enclose 10 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing upon a sample of Newbro's Herpicide.
Name.....
Street and No.....
City and State.....
Address The Herpicide Co., Detroit.

DESTROY THE CAUSE—YOU REMOVE THE EFFECT.
A Healthy Hair.
As Unhealthy Hair.

OVERCOATS

2000 Overcoats

In our new Fall stock!

Are You a Particular Man?

Then you surely ought to see this grand assortment. Every style in vogue. Every price-step from \$10.00 to \$40.00.

The finer grades are silk or satin lined and models of overcoat elegance with quite a saving on the price in your favor.

Are you an Economical Man?

—one who wants the utmost value for his money? Then you are the man we want to see. We want to show you our extra big values for \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$17.50 and \$20.00. Styles, colors, fabrics and weights that are sure to please every critical dresser.

Have you a Boy?

Bring him along and let us overcoat him. \$3.50 up and up to \$25.00.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled

London Clothing Co.

HARRIS & FRANK, Proprietors, 117 to 125 North Spring Street.

Teeth
require to good health, nothing that's good for had good teeth.
Sole \$20. for 314
15 Sols for 310.
wear out. My plate was natural appearance and made other careful study.
you a good tooth that might some cheap plate.
VENIS, 2174 S. Spring

lip-Klip
most pocket manicure, for file and cleaner, for cutting children's hair, possible to hurt worth 50c.
its price.....
on receipt of price. Address

Cogent Reasons Given for Support of the State Ticket.

Increased oriental traffic, present and prospective. The nation can well afford, too, to spend a few million dollars upon these undertakings, for the Pacific seaboard is a coast line of magnificent distances and your harbor of Wilmington is farther from San Francisco than is Boston from Baltimore, and as far from San Diego as New York from Philadelphia; therefore there

were forced to drive the Spaniard from her shores, and then to undertake the regulation of her affairs, in which work her people were practically ignorant. We have cleaned her cities and made them healthful, have abolished the scourge of yellow fever, and have established law and order throughout the entire island, enabling all industrial operations to be carried on with suc-

In the naval bill, in which provision is made for the construction of battleships, cruisers and gunboats, the California delegation secured an amendment which gave the Pacific Coast a chance to secure one of the larger vessels, and in the event that a private contract is not satisfactory to the Secretary of the Navy to have one built in navy yard and also the cruisers and

Atty.-Gen. U. S. Webb and J. O. Hayes of San José arrived yesterday afternoon from the north and left almost immediately for San Diego, where they addressed a Republican mass-

NO HARM DONE.

Mr. Henry: Jones fell down the steps
with six bottles of beer last night.
Mrs. Henry: Did he hurt himself?
Mr. Henry: No; the beer was inside
him.

Ms. Mamie Powell, Lake Charles, Louisiana, writes: "I sincerely believe Peruna is woman's best friend. For it has certainly been that to me. I had headaches, backaches, and other ailments every month for a long time, but finally after I began taking Peruna it was a thing of the past and I have reason to be grateful. I take a

You do not derive profits from the sale of our products at once to Dr. Hartman's statement of year closed ceased to give you his gratis.
Address Dr. Hartman, Hartman Sanitarium.

MARY E. BR
615 C

Spr. HZ. OVER
meetings and Sunday

GUS BAS

I had two feet
done as well as
saw. I must
am well pleased
D.C.

**Childs-Johnson Go is Ready.
High School Won Fierce
Football Game.**

[illegible]

horhood of Hollywood is being freighted on the Los Angeles-Pacific electric line to Sayville and hauled from there to the Home for graving purposes.

Hugh LaGrange of Washington arrived a few days ago on a visit to his father, Gen. O. M. LaGrange.

Miss Iola Leone of the Women's Nurse Corps has been granted leave of absence for thirty days.

In addition to a discourse by the chaplain, Rev. F. H. Beck, special music by the reorganized quartette will be a feature of the morning service in the home chapel.

"LIGHTS OUT."

James Wall, late Co. I, Third California Infantry, a native of England, admitted from Baltimore City, Utah, June 6, 1894, died October 13; aged 78.

Charles D. Platt, late Co. B, Thirty-sixth Illinois Infantry, a native of Illinois, admitted from Los Angeles December 27, 1900, died October 18; aged 67.

William B. Willard, late Co. B, Thirty-fifth New York Infantry, a native of New York, admitted from Los Angeles, June 9, 1899, died at Los Angeles October 6, while on furlough; aged 57.

Robert N. McCain, late Co. D, Seventeenth Iowa Infantry, a native of Iowa, admitted from Los Angeles June 22, 1901, died at Los Angeles October 10, while on furlough; aged 55.

CHARCOAL EPH'S DULLY THOUGHT.

"We've 'yo' listen 'o' de man hollestin' louds' in de Amen co'ah," said Charcoal Eph, in one of his ramulative notions. "But am muttally none diff'ent 't' rec'oinise de same feller dat 'out 'yo' dat mweil wid de blin' stangers las' week."

Miss Jackson. — Baltimore News.


SUNDAY ONLY.

Time Table.

PLAYA DEL REY.

Leave Los Angeles. Fourth street, 7:45 a.m., 12:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m.
Leave Playa del Rey. Santa Monica, 7:45 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m.
Del Rey, 7:50 a.m., 1:35 a.m., 12:35 a.m., 1:35 p.m., 5:35 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 6:35 p.m.
Leave Ocean Park, Hill street, old Santa Fe Depot, 7:55 a.m., 1:30 a.m., 11:40 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 5:40 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 6:35 p.m.
Returning, leave Playa Del Rey for Los Angeles, Ocean Park and Santa Monica, 7:45 a.m., 12:15 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m.

Hotel Playa. Cafe now open; meals served in a car or American plan; special catering on the house. Go over to the Bar and see for yourself what is being done. All care go by Ocean Park. It's a delightful trip.



Hair Mattresses

Sanitary, odorless, economical, and restful, weight 40 lbs.; one piece or in sections; regular \$18.00, special \$12.50.

Mattresses Renovated.

BOSTON BEDDING




GAS AND GASOLINE

The kind that will give light. The new portable lamps for reading.

Mantels

Wholesale and retail Agents of special this week.



ROOS & FISHER

—TEL. BL. 101—

"But I don't see," urged the senior partner, "how you can charge the money you've on that impudent young fellow up as business expenses."

"Why, that's simple," returned the young lawyer. "He has a rich uncle that is sick, and there's going to be a lovely contest over his will." — [Chicago Post.

Brass and
Bedstead

IRON CRIBS
the thing for
ones. Truly
sanitary



ING CO.,

OLINE LAMPS.

er see our gas cluster lamps
light and low
resists

ated. Gas stoves and boilers

528 S. Broadway.

3136.

"My son for the
which is a very
the eminent expert."
"Five thousand
explained the
"Why, four centuries
executioners had
charge over \$10
[Baltimore American,

[illegible]

Los Angeles County

AL WALNUTS.
The
Colored
October
3 p.m.
H. H.
garden
cing 3:30
Goal
Dinner

in Nice Reve-
Nurt in Footbal
Place Sold—At
The Times, No.
Oct. 18—

McGrew, with a
and children, has
of the municipal
er farm near Al-
regular force of
there are some-
Mexicans, men,
d progeny. It's
for the inhabi-

...the way from
...day. There are
...and the total
...at \$2200, or
...pounds each.
...only about twelve
...thirty more acres
...ag. By the time

will bring in a
the city. The
farm is 200
ing improved as
very good quality.
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all the sew-
in street sew-

the work by
of salable stuff,
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w ninety hogs
in home, and the
ay, or would be,
nial barn. Mo-
employed regularly
at present, as

without trees, will not entrust in whackers in city's property. Though the orchard picking up and what are knocked as nuisances are taken care washed and

daughter of
steamer C
father on t
Miss Be
the Long
friend, Miss
Mrs. Ann
young friend
evening.
A. F. Quil

is nursing a
ack White of
boulevard was
several knock-
with paralysis on
he received
rown of North
rib and no Eve

He was not alone. He was surrounded by a large crowd of people, many of whom were cheering and waving. The crowd was dense, and the atmosphere was electric. The man was being carried on the shoulders of the crowd, and he was waving his arms in the air. The crowd was moving towards the stadium, and the man was being carried along with them. The crowd was cheering and waving, and the man was waving his arms in the air. The crowd was moving towards the stadium, and the man was being carried along with them. The crowd was cheering and waving, and the man was waving his arms in the air.

speakers and were: Calvin County Race nominee for V. Youngwood, Mark Keppel, superintendent of Fredericks, and

GLENDORA.
Kidwell of Los Angeles, sister, Mrs. C. L. Kidwell, Mr. and Mrs. Kidwell have been guests of the family for several days. John A. Jones, Grande, San

The Problem
Under several
class meets at
ect. "The Book
vitation is ex-
al the rector,
rk, will preach
ng. "A Great
Long Who Have
J. H. Barker
home in Illinois

Church Rev. in the morning in the evening will be rector, Coleman, or d. the pastor, Presbyterian

Church the
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rning and an
tionary secre-
sult of the
arch.
Los Angeles will
ening at the
SOLE

as sold his
of East Colo-
avenue to
Thum of Co-
paid was \$11.
ontage of 154
and 200 feet on
Los Robles
ndsome resi-

Leave Los Angeles
10:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m.
Leave Front Street
Del Mar, 7:30 a.m.

gas in the
to Dr. S. P.
rribsburg and
are visit-

of the Mor-
visiting J.
nior avenue.
Misa Orton's
principal of
Diego.
ictim of the
e yesterday.

Valdia, pro-
cure Store, Thursday evening
234, South St.
Good music.



REVIEWS

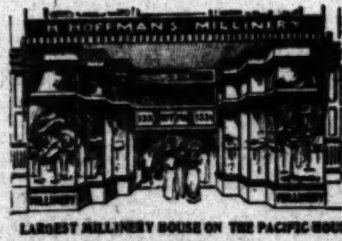
by John A. Smith, 425 West Seventh street. Tel. Peter 6131.

El Famosa, only restaurant where genuine Spanish meals are prepared.

Cor. Spring and Fifth Sts.

1

.....



THEATRE—All the
Tonight the Coronation

... many of the most interesting scenes. Continues from
last night.

AS FUEL.

... old of the Bunson Burner. Boston
Mass. Attempts to Supply Heat by
burning Plain Liquid.

... New York Sun.] The problem of
a practical substitute for hard
coal, in view of the scarcity of that
fuel, is commanding the thought
of many people in this coun-
try. And several interesting solu-
tions have been suggested. It is
more novel or curious than
the Boston gentleman, A. C.

... pure.
is to distil
does the
the water
his school
every way
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Carver, who
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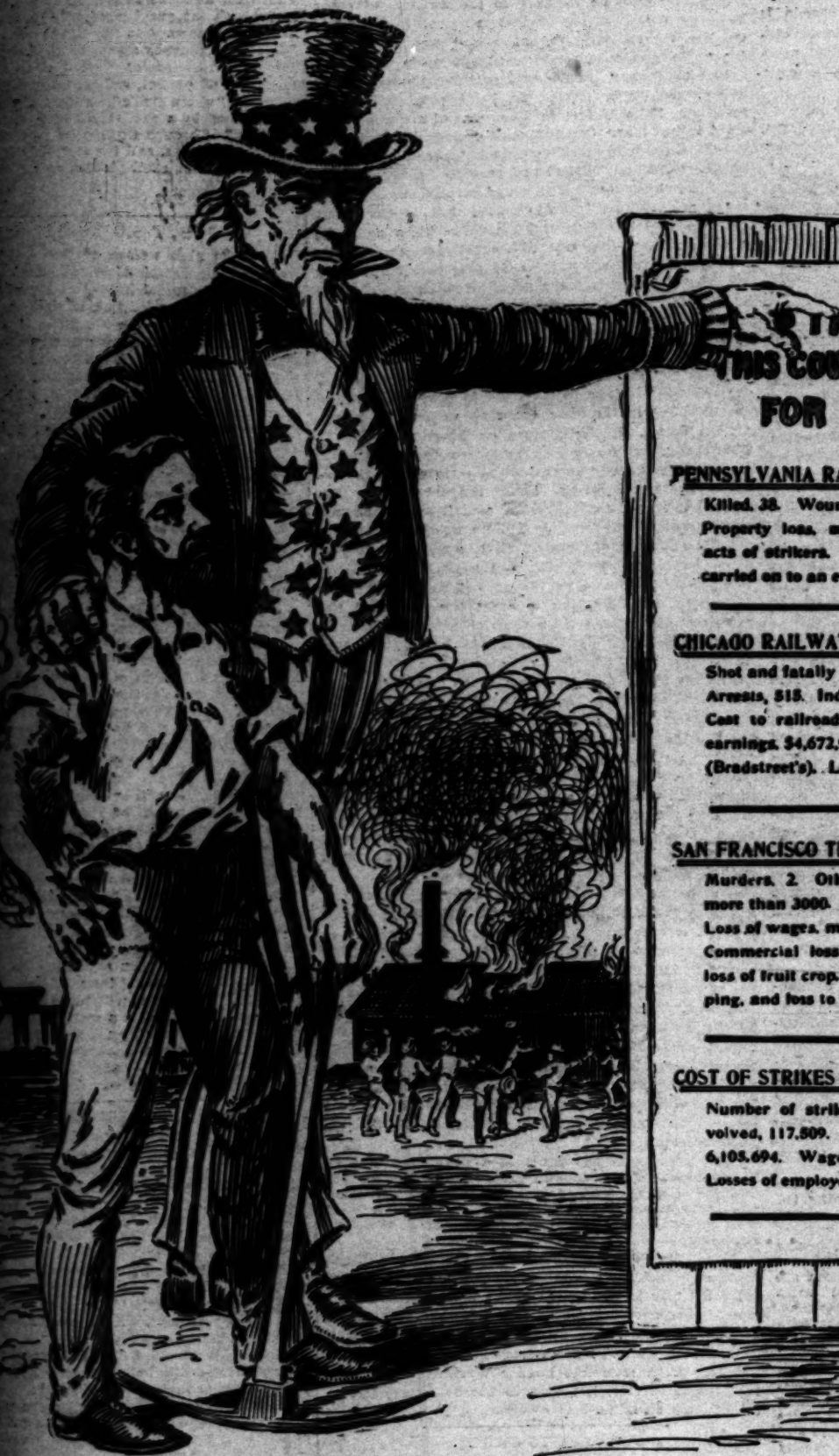
Carver, who is described in the
Globe as a skilled mechanic and
inventor of nearly 100 inventions of
which many others, such as the
vacuum, processes to use water, and
other, are of great value, is now
demonstrating his idea. Mr. Carver
employs the Bunson burner, in-
vented many years ago by Prof. Bun-
son and Mullerberg, and by means of
it burns as large as a bushel basket
of a single drop of water. Some
of the arrangement as the Bunson
burner is necessary, in order to
obtain the desired result. By allow-
ing water to drip through the tiny
apertures, the gases contained
in the water are released and combus-
tion takes place. Any kind of water
will burn, even sea water, or water
laden with salt, pure or impure.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

OCTOBER 19, 1902.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$2.50
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS.

A CASE OF "LEST WE FORGET."



THE PRICE THIS COUNTRY HAS PAID FOR STRIKES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STRIKES OF 1877.

Killed, 28. Wounded, nearly 300.
Property loss, more than \$5,000,000, directly by
acts of strikers. Looting and robbery was also
carried on to an enormous extent.

CHICAGO RAILWAY STRIKE OF 1894.

Shot and fatally wounded, 12.
Arrests, 515. Indictments under U. S. statutes, 71.
Cost to railroads, \$685,308 (paid out). Loss of
earnings, \$4,672,916. Loss in general, \$80,000,000
(Bradstreet's). Loss of wages, \$1,750,000.

SAN FRANCISCO TEAMSTERS' STRIKE.

Murders, 2. Other violent deaths, 6. Assaults,
more than 3000.
Loss of wages, more than \$500,000.
Commercial loss incalculable, as it consisted of
loss of fruit crop, loss of several millions to ship-
ping, and loss to railroads and general business.

COST OF STRIKES IN UNITED STATES, 1881-1901.

Number of strikes, 22,793. Establishments in-
volved, 117,509. Employees thrown out of work,
6,105,694. Wage loss of employees, \$257,863,476.
Losses of employers, \$122,731,121.

THE WORLD ALMANAC 1902

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE is an established success. It is complete in itself, being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; the Development of the Southwest; Current Literature; Timely Editorials; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body; Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdote and Humor; Feted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Firing Line; Animal Stories; Pen Pictures Sketched Far A-field; and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

OUR TREES.

YEARS ago when in a treeless land, a great northern island world, where not a single tree lifted itself toward the blue of heaven, and where the native inhabitants had never seen the glory of forests, or heard the whispering anthem of rustling leaves, we found upon the pages of the book which we were reading the following words from Henry Ward Beecher: "Oh, what a thought was that when God thought of a tree!" and the force of the sentiment was borne in upon us, sitting as we were in that bare, bleak world where the treeless landscape stretched out till it touched the waters of the mighty sea, the only shadows cast being those of the great rocks frowning upon the barren sands, and the rude buildings of the natives.

It does seem strange that the value and beauty of our trees are not more fully appreciated by our modern civilization. The hoary old buildings of the past, about which history and tradition linger, men carefully preserve, but many are the vandal hands which do not hesitate to lay the ax at the root of the giant tree which has required a half century of years for growth and which only an added half century of years can replace if permitted to fall beneath the woodman's steel.

There is no evil more to be deplored than "the unintelligent destruction of the world's supply of trees," and missionary work is greatly needed to impress upon the dwellers of the city and the country the value of tree life, and to create a deeper interest in tree planting, tree protection and reforestation, for the value of tree wealth upon our mountains and in our valleys is past all estimation in its influence upon health, comfort, our annual rainfall and the beauty of the landscape.

But the woodman is not the only instrument of modern civilization for the destruction of our forests, as will be seen from the following clipping from the Pittsburgh Leader:

"The statement recently made by Superintendent Falconer of Schenley Park that the trees of Pittsburgh and vicinity are gradually being killed by the smoke and dust from the furnaces is strikingly verified at Rankin. There on the side of the hill above the Carrie furnace is a forest of immense oaks literally ruined, their limbs bare of the least vestige of verdure and their bark striped and wasted away by the heat and ore dust.

"Every day vast clouds of smoke and dust roll over the hill, hiding everything from view, blackening the houses and soiling clothes and disturbing the temper of housewives. But the trees and shrubbery suffered most, for there is scarcely a twig or branch that is now clothed in green. A few trees of hardier nature stand with leaves on, but the oaks and other varieties are utterly blasted beyond recall, their huge, bare arms lifted as if in piteous appeal to their fell destroyers. These trees are nothing but trunks and bare limbs, with the bark eaten off by the vicious smoke and ore dust as if stricken by lightning. Jove's thunderbolts indeed could not deaden or annihilate these trees as the subtle, less violent smoke has done. The ruin is complete. Where a few years ago a magnificent forest of mighty oaks stood, the pride of nature and of man, now there is a ghastly, piteous collection of naked tree trunks and limbs. These blasted monarchs of the forest are mostly on the old Denniston farm that extends on the west to North Homestead. The wind blows in such a direction that the deadly blast of carbon and ochre ore dust is carried directly north over the lowland and up on the hill where the oaks stand. Out of the zone of this blast the forest is green and the trees unimpaired. The great heat from the furnace is said to be a potent factor in the destruction of the big trees."

But California has not these destroying agencies to

contend with upon any large scale. The only thing we have to fear is the vandal with the ax and the careless camper within our forest reserves, both of whom are at subjects for restraint. California is a land of mighty forests and of giant trees, as old almost as time—trees that were nursed upon the lap of Mother Earth when the world began, and which might almost have caught the echo of the strains when "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy." The growth of our giant sequoias is measured by the centuries. When Christ walked by the Sea of Galilee their wide, green branches waved in the golden sunshine and dropped their soft shadows on the blossoming earth, and perhaps when Abraham dwelt in his tent at Mamre the children of that day looked up to their green boughs, as we look today, and rejoiced in their shade, and saw their tall trunks rising like lofty minarets to the blue heavens, their leaf-wrought arches seeming to bear up the bending skies. Then we have the tall pines and cedars, the towering eucalypti and the magnificent poppers spreading their shining branches like mammoth tents above the ground. Giant palms flourish and there is scarcely a tree that grows in any climate that does not take kindly to the soil of California.

The history of tree growth in this State would seem like an exaggerated romance to the dwellers of other States where nature has been more niggardly. "Five of our firs, the red-bark, the white-bark and the Shasta firs of California, and the grand and noble firs of the region northward, become two or three times as large as any eastern or foreign fir, being often 200 to 300 feet high, 12 to 18 feet in diameter, with cones six to eight inches long. Our two world-renowned redwoods—the Coast redwood and the Sierra big tree—rising to the height of 300 and 320 feet and growing for 3000 to 5000 years are not approached in grand proportions and regal majesty elsewhere." How glorious then is our forest heritage, and how beautiful should be town and city, cañon and spreading vale with these glorious sentinels of the soil, the trees, which need only the planting and watering to grow into the stateliest monarchs of their kind. "Oh, what a thought was that when God thought of a tree!"

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

IT IS interesting and instructive to note that the negro problem has come to the front in South Africa, and somewhat in the same shape as we have it in the United States. Native attacks on Boers returning to their farms, and attempts of the natives to assault white women, are threatening to lead to serious conflicts between Boers and blacks. Under the old régime, the crude but simple retribution for assault on women was shooting on sight—certainly a more merciful procedure than the fashion of burning alive, which prevails, to some extent, in our Southern States. Now, however, there is no legislation on the subject, and the English authorities are hesitating to enact laws until all the parties concerned can voice their opinions. This hesitancy is causing intense irritation, and is said to encourage the blacks to truculent effrontery.

Another phase of the problem is the unwillingness of the blacks to forego their lazy existence in the concentration camps, where thousands were gathered during the war, and far more serious is the fact that a great number of blacks in the country have managed to secure arms. There is therefore the anomalous situation of unarmed whites and armed blacks living in proximity on outlying farms. Experienced British colonials strongly favor universal disarmament of the natives, and prompt legislation, making assaults on women a capital offense.

It seems as if the white man and the black man can no more successfully mix than oil and water. Meantime, it is encouraging to note that some members of the negro race in this country are making laudable efforts to improve their condition. Booker Washington recently declared that the sole hope of the negro lay in "industry." There was held in August, in Chicago, the Middle States and Mississippi Valley Exposition, for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored People of Chicago, which furnished a strong illustration of what the negro can do when given the benefits of education and free labor competition with his fellow white man. Commenting upon this exposition, the Chicago Record-Herald said:

"The government has expended a far greater sum on the proposed development of the Indian, who does not develop, than upon the negro. Yet there is no Indian exhibit in existence that compares in value of interest with this little grouping of designed things at the First Regiment armory."

It is along such lines as these, rather than through political or social effort, that the gradual elevation of the black man in the United States must be looked for. He is here, not of his own free will, but because we brought him here. We cannot get rid of him, even if we desired to do so. He is a problem that must be faced and solved. A man like Booker Washington is doing inestimable service, not only to his own race, but to the country at large.

LEARN TO SWIM.

A well-known yachtsman, who had been sailing his own vessel for years, was drowned at his own anchorage the other day because he had never taken the trouble to learn to swim. Many able seamen, who have followed the ocean all their lives, have failed to school themselves in swimming. Strange and perplexing neglect! How can it be explained that men whose amusements or occupations take them constantly out on the water are so reckless of their own safety?—[New York Tribune.

LIFE THROUGH CHILDS.

How long ago the Christ walked their path
Beneath the stars He stood, beneath the stars
By Galilee's bright waves His wanders
So often strayed, its waters heard His voice
And hushed their murmuring. At His word
The raging tempest stilled and breathless
Young child in slumber, and from the earth
Silence of the grave the dead came back
With strong new life, treading once more
Familiar paths, smiling again into
The faces of their loved ones. In His hand
Found his conqueror and life took on a
Vaster meaning. Redeeming love bridged
Unseen, swung wide the gates of immortality
And filled the night of death with the light
Of deathless hope and the clear sunlight
Of undying faith. Down the long centuries
Of passing years rings the God voice, more
Than angel symphonies, filling the soul
With peace, as break the glad words upon
Listening ears: "I am the Resurrection,
And the Life, whosoever believeth
In me shall never die." Oh, man, rejoice!
Love bids thee come and live. No death is
For him who, through the love of Christ, has
For blessed immortality. "Thy love
That calls us home unto our Father's house,
And Death the angel messenger He sends
To lead us onward to the life beyond,
Where are the many mansions, the living
Waters and the pastures green, where Christ
Lead us, and perfect, endless being shall
Brighten "where God's own light, unshaken
Undarkened by a sun, shines forth alone
In glory." Through God's great universe
Feet may wander, and the glory of His
Love and power shall gladden us for evermore.
—[New York Tribune.

October 14, 1902.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Nebraska club women are too enthusiastic in work of their organizations to reduce their meetings to biennial instead of annual affairs. A woman gets interested in club work she won't put on the vehicle.—[Omaha Bee.

Boodling in St. Louis is getting as dangerous as moon, vulgar stealing. One former member of the House of Delegates has just been caught by the police in a yard, after skulking about for a month in order to escape arrest for perjury and bribery. The way of the transgressor is not getting any longer York Mail and Express.

The Standard Oil Company will dodge the law by burning oil. Now that the Standard Oil Company provided for the worst may be said to be over the Post.

The oil stove is no longer an object of admiration [Washington Star.

The latest addition to the phraseology of the day is "horseless-carriage people."—[Judge.

When coal gets \$16 to 1 ton there will be a lot of kicking in the East over the Divine Comedy interpreted by President Baer.—[Atlanta Constitution.

Why not have international war games? It would not be a triumph of civilization to settle a bell by a contest with soft gloves, for peace.

Dr. Wiley, chief of the United States Bureau of Botany, together with a number of his employees, adulterated food and keep a diary recording upon them as far as noticeable. This certainly is an earnest desire to get at facts.—[Cincinnati Times.

China is to have a patent office modeled after American methods. It will be advisable for the government to import a staff of Yankee experts to set the machine in motion. It is generally admitted that the Office in Washington is the best-organized and most efficient department of the kind to be found anywhere. Uncle Sam will be glad to be of service to the realm of Cathay in lending some of his peace cross the Pacific for the promotion of the Orient.—[New York Tribune.

More than a hundred thousand Americans are expected to Canada within a year. At this rate, soon be no trouble about the inevitable annexation of Dominion. Americans will be in the majority, come into the Union as a matter of course, and come home to roost. Canada now buys from us 600 worth of goods annually, three times as much imports from what is facetiously called "the country."—[New York Town Topics.

TURNIP TIME.

"It's disgraceful the way children are taught to eat, with a painful disregard of tact and good manners. Their studies are so jumbled together that they know when they have finished with arithmetic and go on geography. The other day Bessie came to school and said the teacher had stopped in the middle of a singing lesson, right in the middle of a song, and many turnips were in a peck."

"You must be mistaken," excused the principal.

"No, ma'am. Bessie told me, and Bessie is a good girl. Bessie's mother, with a complacent smile, said the atmosphere.

The teacher was sent for. She denied the charge, but interrupted the music lesson to satisfy her curiosity as to the gard to turnips and pecks. She went back to her feelings, but three minutes later she returned.

"I know now what she meant," said she. "The children how many beats there were in a song."—[London Answers.

TRUTH CRUSHED AGAIN.

One time Truth set out to catch a lie. For many miles and for many years she pursued it. At last she overtook it.

The Lie was firmly established on a mountain. There being a heavy penalty for defacing a mountain, Truth was forced to abandon her efforts. —[American.

French Industries. By Frank G. Carpenter.

BUSINESS PARIS.

A CITY OF 80,000 WORKSHOPS AND MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

THE United States Treasury is costing Paris millions of dollars. The rigid customs examinations now insisted at New York and other ports are preventing the introduction of Paris dresses, and the great firms here have had a large falling off in their American trade. As it is now no woman can take more than \$100 worth of clothes into the United States without paying duty. Everything is examined, the passengers are made to declare just what they have, and there is no possibility of smuggling in without lying.

A coat from \$50 to \$100 to get even a woolen dress made by the best Paris dressmaker, and silks and fancy gowns range from \$200 upward. Much lower prices than these are put on the bills given out by the dressmakers in order that they be shown to the customs officers and let duty be paid. Such fraud is often detected, and even when not the extra cost is enormous.

It used to be that a multitude of American women came regularly to Paris to replenish their wardrobes. They would buy \$1000 or more worth of hats and gowns, and the richer among them would go back with eight or ten trunks filled with dresses. Many of them would not even wear the dresses before sailing and would pass them on as their personal baggage. Others would put on a half dozen different dresses in one day, wearing each a few minutes in order to say that the dresses had already been worn. Others sewed old linings into the gowns and all sorts of schemes were used to make the things look old.

The customs officers were lenient and allowed such things to pass through. New York dressmakers came here and smuggled back dresses to their customers and the Paris dressmakers took orders for future delivery and sent them home by American friends. It is estimated that about 20,000 American women took home dresses to the U. S., and today, of the many thousands who pass through Paris, it is seldom that one leaves without a new gown and hat. The wholesale business has, however, been stopped by the customs officers, and the result is a wonderful falling off in the Paris dressmakers' trade.

Wholesalers Who Live on Americans.

Indeed, many of these Paris dressmakers live on the money they do for foreigners. Some of them have enormous custom which is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. I am told that the big department stores sell millions of dollars' worth of goods to American tourists every season and that the fashionable millinery establishments depend much on their sales to American women.

Paris sets the fashions for the world, and all of our department stores send their buyers here for fashionable costumes. They buy only a dress or so of a kind and show these in their windows and take orders for them. Such dresses are called models, and making them is a regular business. There is a large class of dressmakers here who do nothing else but design new gowns. They live in the little dark side streets of Paris, working late at night. They will make a complete costume for \$50 francs (\$140) and upward, and it is such a simple design is shown in miniature, a doll being used up to explain the completed product, but in actual costumes are of full size, so that they can be tried on right when desired. I am told that some of the designers bring in hundreds of such designs every day.

Working Girls of Paris.

People have any idea of the enormous amount of work done in Paris. The city is looked upon as the center of fashion and fashion not only for France but for the world. It is a common saying that all the world comes to Paris to shop. The American tourist sees a crowd of men, old and young, strutting up and down the boulevards and the fashionable, well-dressed throng of men and gentlemen driving on the Champs Elysees and the Bois de Boulogne and thinks that this is the real Paris. The real Paris is a hard-working city, with thousands perhaps to its population than any other city in Europe. It is the city of workshops and petty trades. It is estimated that there are 80,000 factories in the city, and in addition there are thousands of outsiders who work at their homes. The workshops are very small, the average number of workmen being six.

A great deal of work is done by sweat shops, who give the workmen and take in the completed product, at so much a piece. This is largely so as to gowns and hats. It is estimated, 60,000 girls are kept working in the dressmaking and ordinary sewing girls can make less than a dollar a day while working, and some not more than half that amount. The designers are, of course, well paid, but the average wages are far below those in the United States.

The hours themselves are long. I have seen through the busiest parts of this city at 7 o'clock in the evening and have seen sewing girls working at the tables far below the level of the streets. The workmen close between 7 and 8 p.m. Many of them are seen closing, and one of the curious sights of Paris is the clerks which slide down from the top, making a great noise over the whole front. This is done before the clerks leave, and there is a great crowd of three feet high and two feet wide

which is left open until they get out. They crawl through this door at night and crawl in in the morning, like a long procession of women and men, going in and out like so many dogs. They straighten up, however, immediately they get outside, and walk off so jauntily that you would never imagine they had been working all day.

Some Things Paris Does.

I have spoken of Paris as a manufacturing city. It makes everything under the sun, from pins to locomotives, from buttons to balloons, and from gloves to gowns. It has 22,000 people who are engaged in making only parts of ladies' dresses, in contra-distinction to the complete gowns, and these turn out a product amounting to \$15,000,000 a year. It has tens of thousands at work on corsets, not only for Paris, but for all parts of France and for shipment abroad. The French corset is an expensive luxury, and a good one from a high-priced maker costs as much as \$40. You can get others shaped to your person for as low as \$5, and if you are so plebeian as to buy a ready-made article you will find a large variety of such goods at still lower prices.

Paris manufactures a great deal of furniture. It has about 5000 workshops of this kind, each employing three or four hands. The furniture is costly, and it does not compare in quality with that of the United States made by machinery. France has a high tariff on such importations, however, and at present about the only American furniture sold is office chairs and roll-top desks.

There are 2000 shops here which make watches, turning out a yearly product worth about \$5,000,000, and there are many thousand people engaged in making ar-

the same amount, and thus get an answer as quickly, or even more quickly than by telegraph. The telegraphs are under the government, and the charges are less than half those of America. The rate is ten cents for the first ten words, and one cent for each additional word to every part of France. You can send a telegram to Great Britain for four cents a word, and a cable to the United States for twenty-five cents per word.

The postoffice department has a parcel system by which small packages weighing up to twenty pounds can be sent. Six pounds will be taken to any railroad station in France for twelve cents, or for seventeen cents it will be delivered at your house. A ten-pound package costs twenty-five cents, and a twenty-pound one only thirty cents. The stores take advantage of these rates, and many thousands of packages are sent out by them daily to their customers in all parts of the republic.

The telephones are also connected to some extent with the postoffice. They are to be found at every station, and also in stands on the streets. The fee for all parts of Paris is five cents for a talk of five minutes and five cents for three minutes up to fifteen miles outside Paris, and ten cents additional for the same time for every sixty miles beyond.

The Tobacco Monopoly.

In buying stamps outside the postoffice in the French cities you go to the cigar shops, for the government here sells all the tobacco, and the tobacco agents handle stamps as well. The shops are called *debits de la regie*; they have red lamps over them, and you can tell them as far as you can see. The prices are the same everywhere and the tobacco is universally bad. The



articles of Paris, which means notions and fancy goods of all sorts, including jewelry, artificial flowers, buttons, and other things in leather, ivory, horn and bone. Indeed, the French make almost everything you can imagine, and they make everything well.

Well-fed and Prosperous.

I like these common people of Paris. They are more civilized than the lower classes of the English cities. They wear better clothes, are better fed, and seem to be happy and prosperous. There is drinking everywhere, but no intoxication. Every one has wine with his meals, but I have yet to see a drunken man in Paris. In London you meet drunken men on almost every block in the poorer parts of the city, and a common sight is a drunken woman dancing with her fellows while she holds a baby at her breast.

The average London laborer lives from hand to mouth. The average Frenchman patronizes the savings banks. He lives within his means, and there is no such thing as the regular spending of the surplus on drink, as in England. If our treaties can be modified so that American goods can be brought in on an equal footing with others, the French will become good customers, for they appreciate what is cheap and good, and they have the money to buy.

Cheap Telephones and Telegraphs.

Indeed, there are many things that the French do as well as the Americans. Their postal service is better than ours. It includes a system of pneumatic tubes, by which, for six cents, you can send a postal card flying to any part of the city. You can send a reply card for

most popular brands of the native cigars are the Londoners, which you buy at six cents apiece, or the demi-Londres at three.

Foreign cigars and cigarettes are very high and are sold only by government permission. All importations of tobacco are rigidly watched and none is allowed to be grown without authority from the government. If you sprout a plant in your garden you must notify the authorities and they will send a man to number the leaves, and when the plant is ripe you will have to account for every leaf. If you wish to import a few boxes of cigars or a few pounds of tobacco you must write a request to the officials to that effect on government stamped paper. An agent will call upon you to see that you are the person who wrote the letter and give you permission. When the tobacco comes he will call again to see that it goes to the right party, and that the duty is promptly paid. France buys a great deal of its tobacco from the United States. It comes in hogheads to Havre, Bordeaux and Marseilles, and is shipped thence in most cases to Paris. The government has an immense factory here on the banks of the Seine which employs over 2000 hands and consumes more than 19,000,000 pounds of tobacco a year. The chief officials are graduates of the polytechnic school, and they must have spent two years in studying tobacco and the process of its manufacture. The government gets over \$70,000,000 a year out of this monopoly, and the expenses of the army are largely borne by it. There is also a tax upon salt and on matches, both of which are government monopolies.

A Well-managed City.

In my English letters I wrote of the municipal im-

improvements which the chief cities of that country are making. I found that many of them are now tearing down old buildings and widening their business streets. Paris began to do this more than fifty years ago, and as a result she now has the best streets of the world. It was in 1852 that the work began. The first improvement cost \$10,000,000, and one-half of the expense was borne by the State. Two years later an expenditure of \$30,000,000 was authorized, and later on there was an appropriation of \$38,000,000 at one time.

This year the government has voted to spend \$40,000,000 in extending the public works and beautifying the city. Two and one-half million dollars is to go for enlarging the markets, which are already the largest of the world. One million six hundred thousand dollars is to be spent on the completion of the Palace of Justice, and large sums on the extension of the boulevard system. The Champs Elysees is to be lengthened, new bridges are to be built over the Seine, and new technical schools are to be established. Paris steadily moves onward. Like her people, she delights in new clothes and appreciates that it pays to primp and powder. She is making many sanitary improvements, and with her wide boulevards and her many parks and open places she has today as good a set of lungs or breathing places as any city of Europe.

The city authorities see that the town is well kept. The streets are swept every day by an army of 5000 men and boys, and at night there are street-sweeping machines which push all the dust and dirt into the gutters, from where it is washed in the early morning into the sewers with the hose. It costs Paris about two million dollars a year to flush the sewers and for the removal of rubbish. It costs more than that to light and clean the public promenades, and about five million dollars to keep the streets in repair. Altogether the streets are better kept than those of any other European city, with the possible exception of Berlin. They are well paved with wood and asphalt, and you can drive upon them for miles without a jolt.

Paris from the Eiffel Tower.

I doubt, in fact, whether there is a more beautiful city in the world. I took the elevator yesterday and mounted to the top of the Eiffel tower for a bird's-eye view of the French metropolis. I was a thousand feet above it, so high up that the men walking along the streets below looked like crawling bugs and those carrying umbrellas like gigantic beetles. The street cars were no larger than baby express wagons, and the automobiles made me think of toy engines flying along.

At that height the city looked more like a map or model town cut out for the occasion. Acres assumed the size of town lots, and mighty buildings looked no bigger than the Noah's arks which you buy in the toy stores.

Everything was wonderfully clean, as though it had just come from the hands of the polishers. It was a vast collection of cream walls and lead-colored roofs, cut by gray streets, with the silvery Seine winding its way through from one end to the other. Just under me was the Hôtel des Invalides, its golden dome covering the tomb of the great Napoleon, and on the other side of the Seine the beautiful Place de la Concorde, where Marie Antoinette and thousands of the French nobility lost their lives by the guillotine. I could see the Tuilleries, and with my glasses distinguished the statue of Lafayette put up by our Daughters of the American Revolution. Further up the Seine was the Isle de la Cité, with the Notre Dame Cathedral, and back of the Tuilleries the Madeleine, with its green roof. The Pantheon, the Luxembourg and the chamber of deputies, where the French congress meets, stood boldly out, and also the long line of the Champs Elysees, with the Arc de Triomphe at its end, and beyond it the expanse of green known as the Bois de Boulogne.

I took the telescope and picked out the Place des Etats Unis, or place of the United States, with its statue of George Washington, which was put up in 1900, the street of the American Embassy and even the American churches, of which there are several in this great capital of the French.

The view of all Paris was as clear cut as a cameo, and with the telescope every building was distinct in the living map below. To the naked eye it seemed a miniature city, and as I looked down upon it I could not realize that it covered an area of 20,000 acres, and that more than twenty-seven hundred thousand human beings were actually living and working in the doll houses below. It was, indeed, worth coming to Paris to see.

Paris, France.

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CHOOSING A WIFE BY MUSIC.

A German professor proposes to solve the difficulty some people seem to have in choosing a wife by "trial by music." Everything depends on the taste of the subject under study.

If she prefer waltz music, and above all Strauss's intoxicating strains, she is certainly frivolous.

If she loves Beethoven she is artistic, but not practical.

Does she prefer Liszt? Then she is ambitious; while a devotee of Mozart would be rather prudish. Why an admirer of Offenbach should be cunning is not very clear; but remembering the opera of "Faust" it is easy to understand that any girl preferring Gounod must be romantic and tender-hearted.

It is hard upon Flotow that because his music is out of fashion a taste for it denotes a vulgar soul; while Gottschalk fares little better, pleasing, according to the German professor, only the superficial. Massenet is supposed to attract the timid; while a devotion to Wagner's music is a distinct proof of egotism.

Saint Saens, however, is a composer the admiration for whom denotes a girl of intelligence and well-balanced character. [London Express.]

A PROVIDENTIAL VICTIM.

"Old man's jest had his other leg cut off by a street car."

"Oh, the ways of Providence! Hall git enough out of that to buy Sally a planner!"—[Ath. & Constitution.]

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

HIS COTTAGE IN FORDHAM AND THE POVERTY HE FELT THERE.

By a Special Contributor.

FEW homes associated with men of genius have attracted more sympathetic and melancholy interest than the little cottage in Fordham, New York, where the bitter tragedy of Edgar Poe's life was played nearly to the end.

He came here in 1846 with his young wife and her mother, the long-suffering and patient Mrs. Clemm, hoping by his work on various papers and magazines in the great city near by to make enough to afford the necessary comforts for his invalid Virginia and himself. The little cottage on the top of Fordham Hill was by far the best home he had yet known. It was only a story and a half high. On the ground floor are two small rooms, a



THE POE COTTAGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

sitting-room and a kitchen, while above, reached by a narrow stairway, are two other rooms, one of these, Poe's, a cramped little box of a place, lighted by tiny windows, the other a bedroom about the size of a closet. Mrs. Gove, who visited the Poes here, says: "The furniture was of the simplest; in the clean, white-floored kitchen were a table, a chair, and a little stove, and in the other room, which was laid with checked matting, were only a light stand with presentation volumes of the Brownings upon it, some hanging shelves with a few other books ranged on them, and four chairs."

Poe's wife, Virginia, only 25, was still beautiful, her large black eyes and dark hair accentuating her pallor, and Poe, proud, himself ill, and bitter with a sense of the injustice of the world and his own inability to pro-



HIGH BRIDGE, A FAVORITE WALK OF POE.

vide the comforts required for his wife, was in a constant fever of anxiety.

As the summer went on Poe grew no better, and daily Virginia faded and faded and the resources of the household were being slowly reduced to the starving point. Autumn came, the snow and the cold and the winter seclusion, and affairs grew desperate; the wolf was already at the door when by happy chance this same Mrs. Gove, whose kind heart could prompt her to something better than her verses, called on the Poes, and found the dying wife in the summer sitting-room, which had been taken for her use. The scene is vividly realized in her description: "There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom.

The wonderful cat seemed conscious of the situation. The coat and the cat were the only means of warmth, except as her husband sat beside her and her mother her feet. Mrs. Clemm was fond of her daughter, and her distress at the illness and poverty and misery was deep. Mrs. Poe died in the little sitting-room on January 30, 1847; and from here her body was taken to the military coat that had but lately been hanging, attended by a few friends, followed to her last resting-place.

For some time after his wife's death the cottage remained the home of Poe and Mrs. Clemm, who occasionally to see them, and the poet spent moments working among his beds of sorrow. The cat, he had a tame bobolink and a parrot, and he was affectionate and divert his attention. He was often out of doors, and a favorite walk was to the open country to the westward to High Bridge, the romantic shores of the heavily-wooded Tuckahoe. Much of the beauty of this region has been made the Speedway for the sport-loving metropolis. The view up and down the river

Bridge, however, is still one of beauty. At the north, between the glimpses of the Fallades, and to the south, towers and misty pall of smoke that hangs over the city that Poe never really learned to love. The arches of High Bridge that rise to nearly fifty feet above high water, form the aqueduct over which runs a footway, and to walk, or lean, musing, on the low parapet back of his house, with its extended view, was a favorite place where he used to linger, and were spent there by the poet.

The recent cutting of a new roadway moving of the Poe cottage, and it now stands alongside of a typical suburban house, so that it can almost touch the opposite wall from the street. The present owner keeps it in good repair, and there is a badly-painted raven and a skeleton of the observer that Poe lived there.

Several efforts have been made toward the purchase of the Poe cottage, and it is hoped that this will be done before long. The street is Poe Park, the ground that faces the house, and where the poet used to sit, is now a house, and where the poet used to sit, is now a house, and where the poet used to sit, is now a house.

JAMES B. CARR.

MAGNIFICENT MEN.

The hardest and most courageous of men are the miners who inhabit the mountains. They spend their lives delving for the precious metals, and most invariably pass from their rough hands to enrich the already rich. The danger. It is a part of their lives. A half way up the mountain side, must not be because a quarter of a mile of thick timber has been hurled down into the cañon by the previous winter. They take the chance as they do that of warming giant powder out mixed shots. Daily they know the danger of avalanches, taking the risk knowing the event itself will stop them, and then the risks for them.

It is not so much what the mountaineers do as the daily lives that make them remarkable. They are capable of when a crisis arises. They overcome by noxious vapors and falls, drift, or is imprisoned in a burning mine, a slide, it is amazing and pathetic to witness the abnegation that is shown by the mountaineers to the assistance of unfortunates, who own lives with absolute disregard. No one is ever when there is the slightest chance of a comrade, or of even the recovery of a loved one, or frozen thing for a woman to save. Magazine.

STORY OF A CLIMB TO THE BIG MOUNTAIN'S TOP.

From a Special Correspondent.

ON THE SUMMIT OF SAN GABRIEL, Oct. 9.—He
climb here strong there and deep wind who would
climb as close to heaven as the summits of the
Sierras of Southern California will take him. Also,
and how does that are attested with hob nails, and
will not carry away in the down-pouring avalanches
of the granite, cutting like a million of tiny knives,
to disengage inevitably in his climbing. With all
this, and with a power to fight off the thirst that comes
when where skin is being baked in the heat of the
sun, any peak in the range is possible of conquest.
At the top, the peak of San Gabriel, rising need-
less and dominating the range that lies to the north of
the San Gabriel as far east as Old Baldy, was achieved, but
it was a climb as strenuous that the conquerors of the
Sierras, though they were on ground that men had
traversed before them—as witness the stone monument
on the summit of the mountain—felt that in the day's

at last. It must end. But, though it had been hard, it had not been harder, perhaps as to that, than its dislodgement had been by the crawling around dislodged by the climbers from their uneasy beds in the pine needles were sent hurtling down for thousands of feet, leaping and tumbling, striking great trees in their descent, and making every small leaf quiver, and where one false step would have sent the climber on the track turned and crushed, at last, into such a shapeless mass at the bottom that only the vulture would have known by the scent borne to it on the wind that what had been a man had been delivered to it for its feeding. The great black vulture soars to high heaven, almost in the sunshine, but it gorges itself, like all unclean things, in the dark depths.

And that climb along the ridge, with its perilous change to the clinging on the sides of dizzy slopes, was but the beginning. As it had progressed, the goal of the summit of San Gabriel had peeped at the climbers through the overhanging limbs of the pine trees—and when it ended, in a low place on the ridge where the shadow of the mighty precipice that is the face of Mount Markham was thrown across a chasm that seemed to sink down into the very bowels of the earth, the great peak rose sheer into the blue, 1500 feet higher yet, and presented a surface so forbidding that it would have been sworn no creature not equipped for flight could have

and who would climb to the top, with the stone monuments there, must even sit to eat his lunch with his feet hanging over the edge. Possibly that is not so great a hardship as it seems at first glance. The man who has conquered a precipice has the moral right to sit with his feet dangling over the edge in contempt of its terrors. Those terrors are for him no more. Alas, who could think of danger, past or to come, in the glories that the mountain spreads out before him. The mountain becomes all at once complaisant, from its summit. From the purple hills that lie beyond San Diego to the south, to the snowy summit of Mount Whitney, over against the Nevada line, the whole reach of Southern California was before the eye as a great relief map done by nature in most generous mood. Far to the west and south the blue sea twinkled in the sunshine, and there were islands in it, San Nicolas and Santa Barbara and Catalina, and the loom of the peaks on San Clemente, set in the twinkling mass like jewels hewn by the waves that cut them without ceasing. Above the haze shimmering over the lowlands the cities of the plain started, each street drawn sharply, and the orange groves and yellow fields about them were as distinctly defined as though each landmark were carved upon the soil. And then, the mountains! Swelling away to Baldy, and San Jacinto and Old Grayback, tumbled, one upon the other like the gray waves of a Titanic sea, turned to stone in full motion, rolling higher and higher, range on range and peak on peak into the blue until, far to the north, beyond the utmost purple rim of the hills—assuredly it was such a glimpse of that chaos out of which worlds are made as to dwarf the highest aspirations of a man. He is small who dwells contentedly in the valley, though his thoughts touch the clouds and he may fancy, sometimes, that his head does also. He only knows how small he is who climbs upon the heights and feels his soul dwarfed in the presence of the mightiest works of God.

And then, if he be of proper humble spirit, he will crawl down the precipice, thanking his Maker for the heart that has carried him so far, and go slipping and sliding and clinging back to his own place, sure that there is a greater thing than the soul of man in that nature which is the soul of the world.

OLIVER CALE

AUSTRALIAN SOFT WOODS

ABUNDANCE OF GOOD TIMBER FOR FURNITURE-
MAKING IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

From a Special Correspondent.

SYDNEY, Sept. 20.—The heavy timbers in which Australia is so rich have become famous for their exceptional hardness and durability, but comparatively little is known outside the commonwealth of the numerous soft woods admirably adapted for the manufacture of furniture and for other industrial purposes. Such timbers are abundant in New South Wales, and are found principally in the immense brush forests of the coastal districts. Several of these timbers have a wood grained and marked most beautifully, and capable of receiving the highest polish, while others are fragrantly perfumed.

Among the chief varieties of woods of this class may be mentioned the red cedar, the beautiful wood of which is admirably adapted for the finer kinds of cabinet-makers' work. Some of the cedar trees grow to immense size, as much as 2500 cubic feet of valuable timber having been obtained from one tree. In addition to the cedar may be mentioned tulipwood, yellowwood, white maple, myall, marblewood, mock orange, and many others.

Besides their use for cabinet-making, many of the brush timbers are of great utility for the rougher kinds of carpentry, while some, both hard and soft woods, are admirably adapted for coach-builders' and coopers' work. The chief description of pine woods

The chief description of pine growing in New South Wales is the Moreton Bay white pine, found in the coast districts, as far south as the Bellinger. It is soft, light, and easily wrought, and suitable for all the interior woodwork of houses, as well as for cabinet-making. The red or black pine is extensively distributed over the Liverpool Plains, and in the Lachlan and Darling River districts, as well as around Berrima. It is beautifully marked in the grain, takes a fine polish, and has an agreeable fragrance.

There are numerous other varieties of pine, but those resemble in their main features the trees already described. Australian deal is an excellent timber, and is obtained in very large scantling, the tree frequently reaching 120 feet in height. It is soft, close-grained, easily wrought, and remarkably free from knots. Its use, therefore, is extensive for cabinet-makers' work and house fittings.

The New South Wales government statistician mentions several of the more useful of the soft and fancy woods of the State. They include the beech, which attains a height of 100 to 150 feet, with a diameter of three to five feet, giving a strong, white, close-grained, and durable wood, easily worked, and greatly valued for the decks of vessels, flooring, turnery, and furniture-making; the black bean, growing to a height of 120 to 130 feet, with a diameter of from four to five feet, with a handsome, close-grained, dark-colored, durable wood; the black oak; used for bullock yokes, tool handles, shingles, etc.; and the blackwood, resembling walnut, and highly valued for making furniture.

Another valuable timber is the rosewood. It is strong-grained and durable, with a color resembling Spanish mahogany. Among other woods may be mentioned the silky oak, which attains a height of seventy to eighty feet. The color is a light gray, beautifully crossed with silvery waves, and when polished the surface has a delicate luster. Bedroom suites made from this wood possess a dainty appearance. Satinwood is another useful timber, yellow in color. It is soft and silky to the touch, close-grained, and easily wrought. This wood is also suitable for cabinet-making, and is considered to be superior to the satinwood used in the European and American furniture trade.

When the system of forest conservation becomes more general in the State, the supplies of many of the timbers mentioned will become practically inexhaustible, and are certain to be in large demand for export purposes.



Rugged San Gabriel Peak

Darkhans

...and here a climb for the life of a man. In the
...there had been a long scramble along a rocky
...might have stood for the spine of a con-
...high was it, and so massive, and so rugged
...enormous ranges that ran down on either hand
...but their pine-clad slopes in the dark depths
...cascades, or fell away to the rolling levels
...the valley that is the garden of the gods
...end of man, looking upward from the depths,
...little" hills they may be, to the dwellers in
...They are but the soft risings and fallings
...of the earth to him who looks down
...from the heights. But it had been a climb
...of a man. The rocky backbone lay in a suc-
...of sharp peaks, each one of which must be
...as it came, lest the adventurous climber get
...from the ridge and so run the danger of straying
...his death in the depths of some dark cañon, and
...achievement of each little peak it was necessary
...with both feet and hands to surmount the great
...boulders that roared upward, heaving from the
...down into the sunlight. Now and again a pine
...with all its roots to one of these boulders,
...the abyss like a giant who stands dis-
...in the verge of death—but who holds on tightly,
...from his superb courage avail not to save him
...the frightful fall if he should lose his head but
...his moment.

...a pine tree giant has lost its head on the
...scramble before now. The dead giants that lie
...down the slopes, are proof of that. But
...and stood in their places, defying the
...the storms that sweep them to destruction—
...in some particulars, will be found to be
...most, after all.

...scramble over the rocky backbone is ended

scaled its face. Yet a man with determination, deep
wind, and hob nails to his shoes may do many things.
There were bushes that

There were bushes that cling to the sides of that precipitous slope, thick and thorny bushes that tore the clothes and the flesh of men, but where a bush may cling a man can, if only to the bush. There were granite ledges that heaved outward from the heart of the mountain, cracked and crumbled by the sun of summer and the frosts of winter, and a man who is of stout heart and who wears hob-nailed shoes may cling with fingers and toes to the cracks in granite boulders, and if his heart be stout enough and hob nails hold he will not fall, though to fall would send him with one long, sickening leap a thousand feet to the bottom. There were slides of loose rock upon that mountain side, where the mighty mass was being slowly worn away by the mightier forces of erosion—and where rocks are sliding down a man may cling and scramble and make good his footing, though he loses in slipping at least a third of the distance that he makes toward the top. But by clinging to the thorny bushes, by swinging his body over the most perilous places, trusting to the strong muscles of his arms, by crawling up the cracked sides of granite ledges as a fly crawls up the window pane, by sliding and scrambling, now upon his feet, now on all fours, now flat on his stomach with hands and legs outstretched to save himself by contact of the greatest possible surface with the uneasy foothold of the slope, the peak is conquered.

And it was a conquest that was well worth while. The men who built the stone monuments there, the greater and the lesser monuments, knew it was worth while and that they had done a notable thing, although in the building they absorbed almost all the space that is at the top of the mountain. San Gabriel is a peak, in sober truth, as sharp at the top as it looks to be from the base—and that is not always true of mountains—

A MIGHTY CATHEDRAL.

AFTER TEN YEARS' WORK ONLY PART OF FOUNDATION FINISHED.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Bishop Potter recently went up to Morningside Heights to inspect the work being done on the largest cathedral that has been undertaken in centuries. He was accompanied by an ecclesiastical friend from the West, who, in the course of the inspection, said to the bishop:

"I can't begin to grasp the bigness of this cathedral of yours. For the last ten years I've been hearing about the record-breaking dimensions of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and I have marveled thereat. But now that I am here on the ground my mind is bewildered even more by what my eyes have seen than what my ears heard. I scarcely can comprehend the immensity of the task."

"My dear brother," was the bishop's dry response, "we're in the same boat." Then he added: "And every time I come up here I get a new shock. I haven't begun to think of the cathedral as a complete whole, except in a vague way. That's a little too much to ask of

will have an area of 6480 square feet. On the cathedral grounds is a \$25,000 stone mill, erected for the exclusive use of the cathedral. Last year forty stonemasons, with the aid of the latest improved machinery, dressed and finished 10,000 cubic yards of stone. Working at this rate, which means working every day in the year except Sundays and holidays, it will take these forty men ten years to dress and finish the necessary amount of stone for the choir's interior. The stone workers began this long task a few days ago.

Another big little thing will give some faint idea of the almost incomprehensible amount of decoration that the cathedral will require before it can be called finished.

In the choir will be nearly a score of immense stone pillars many feet in diameter, reaching to the ceiling over 100 feet in the air, and weighing ton on ton. The niches in eight of these pillars will afford accommodation for 256 statues, each one of which is to be five feet in height. If just eight pillars require all this decoration, what will be needed for the rest of the choir—and the choir will be hardly one-third the entire size of the cathedral.

Fifty-two Statues for Just One Chapel.

The Belmont Chapel, now nearing completion as far as the stone work is concerned, also aptly illustrates the great masses of material and human energy that must be utilized before the final touch is placed on the cathedral.

This chapel, the largest of seven to be used for hold-

mounted by a Christ ten feet in height, carved from a single stone, weighing 120 tons, and each piece is five feet square.

A Task for Generations.

This crucifix is an example of the kind of work the sculptor, who says that it will take him the last four years of continuous work to think out and execute the stone decorations for the chapel. Alexander Hamilton, is helping him in the carving and plaster work, and an extensive and pneumatic carving plant, soon to be installed on the cathedral grounds, will aid him in the carving.

Mr. Hamilton recently stated that, if he were engaged to furnish the stone decoration for the cathedral proper, in all likelihood he would never be able to complete the commission. "It's reasonably certain that still twenty years to live, but not even two centuries would suffice. Why, it would be the work of a lifetime almost to create and carve the 256 statues that will repose in the niches of just eight pillars. And you think of the decoration needed for the whole cathedral. It seems like a task with no ending."

No one, not even the architects, George L. Fox and C. Grant La Farge, who know more about the cathedral than any other persons, ever have attempted to make a rough estimate of the amount of stone and other material and the quantity of decoration that the building will demand. "All we know," said Mr. Fox recently, "is that the amount will be great, great, great to the point of incomprehensibility. Each day our task grows larger; each day we are surrounded by continually magnified proportions."

"When will the cathedral be completed? When the world comes to an end? Conjecture—conjecture—are arranging the drawings so that the architects never they may be, who succeed us when we are up the work without a hitch where we left off. We are not old men by any means. No, I can't even guess when the cathedral will be completed."

May Be Centuries in Building.

"It took centuries of uninterrupted building in some of the European cathedrals, some of which are considerably smaller and none much larger than this, gradually climbing skyward up on Morningside Heights. I don't say that it will take centuries to complete the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, but I know it will take centuries to complete the decorations and all, which are as much to a building of this character as its walls. In ten years the public has generally been led to believe that the third of this time has passed already, and what is above ground? Only one of the four great arches will support the tower, a part of the foundation of the Belmont Chapel. Why, it will take years to complete the mosaics in the great dome with a ninety-foot diameter which is under the central tower rising to a height of 250 feet. And think of the sculpture, the stained glass work, the stained glass windows, the mosaics, the carvings to be scattered here, there, everywhere from the top down into the crypt underneath the choir where they are now being held."

"No, no man can even guess when the cathedral will be completed."

"What will it cost? What was Adam's story year he was banished from Eden? Costly. I only can answer millions upon millions still more millions."

The Cathedral Owns Quarries.

Some idea of the way money must be raised for the cathedral may be gained from the following:

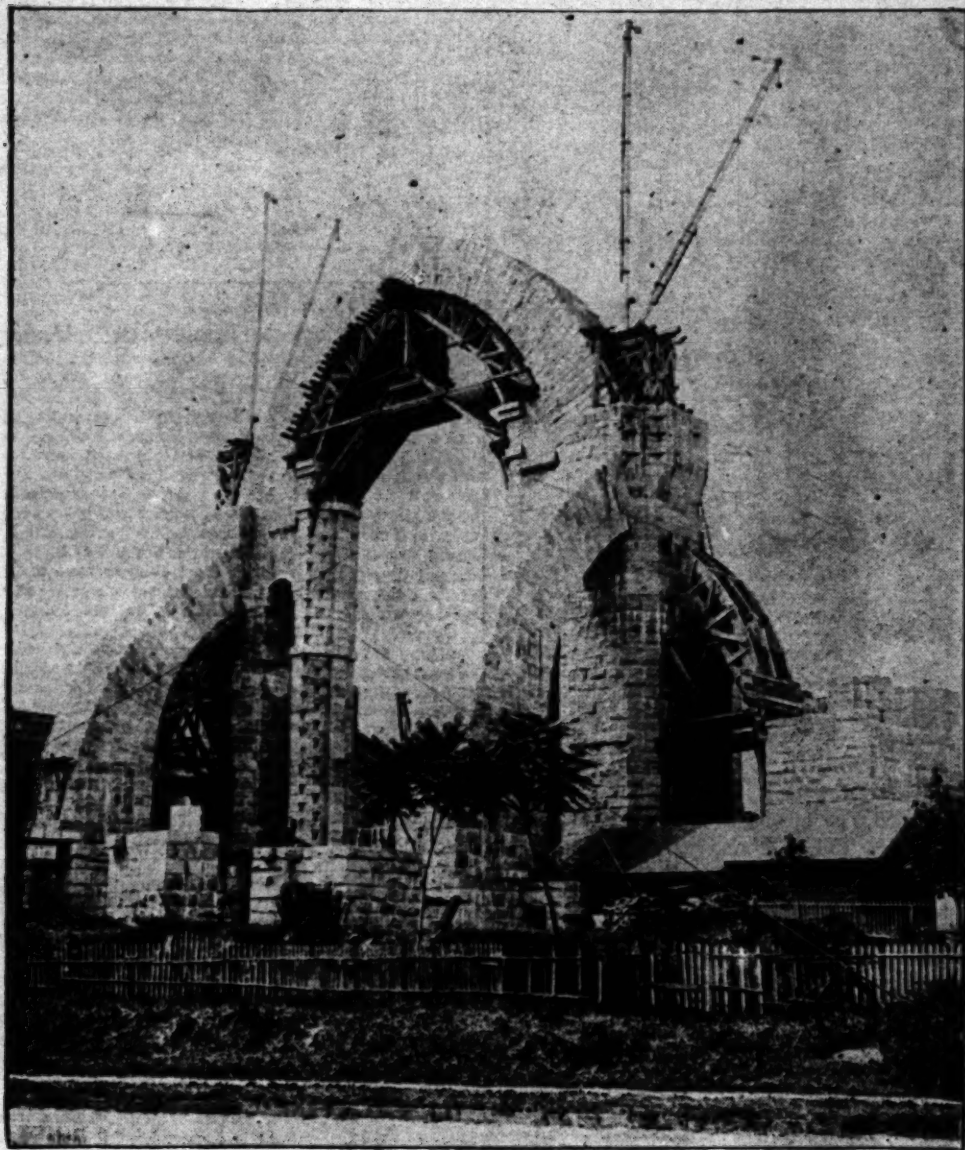
The most striking portion of the cathedral is one of the four great arches that will support the great central tower. These arches rest on four pillars that rise to a height of 100 feet. Each pillar is to bear a weight of 100,000 pounds, four times which, 400,000 pounds, is the tower's total weight. These pillars have to be aided in their herculean task by what are called "flying" buttresses. Recently, work has begun on one of the buttresses. While the masons were laying the vertical part of the buttress, the painters fitted and built the "false work" for the day to do it. It took six weeks of steady work of the masons to do it. Then when the masons were ready to lay the "false work," it took five men six weeks of steady work of ten hours a day to wedge it into place. The cost of the material for the "false work" was nearly \$2000.

For some further idea of the cost of the cathedral, the cathedral authorities, in order to have a necessary supply of stone, had to buy a granite quarry in Westchester county, New York, for a ninety-nine-year lease on a limestone quarry in Minnesota. But, in return for this big find, the cathedral's builders have a practical monopoly on magnificent building stones that hitherto have been used in structures of any consequence.

How the Stones Were Discovered.

The discoveries of the two principal stones were interesting incidents in the cathedral's history. It came to a point one day with the architect that it was imperative that the stone to be used in the choir should be decided on. Messrs. Heins and Hamilton wanted something novel. They set out to find it. They had poor success until an accident happened. Mr. Heins lives up near Lake Michigan in the metropolis. One Sunday he went out for a walk, and first thing he knew, he was standing at the mouth of a quarry. His curiosity led him to look at what was his surprise to discover a hard, greenish, unusual color—golden yellow. He almost fell over it. The next day he told Mr. La Farge of the discovery. The next day they were looking at a glimpse at a specimen convinced Mr. Heins that his colleague was right.

This granite, which at close range presents



ONE OF THE FOUR GREAT ARCHES, OVER 100 FEET HIGH, THAT WILL SUPPORT THE 425-FOOT TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL.

any man except the architects, and even they are thinking by degrees. But what startles me continually is the bigness of the little things of the cathedral."

It is only through comprehension of these big little things that Bishop Potter spoke of that the average lay mind can grasp some tangible idea of the magnificent proportions of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and of the stupendously intricate and delicate architectural problems that its construction has brought forward. No such building has been projected since the dark days of the Middle Ages, when the only light left burning in the minds of men was that of a fervid religion. Then it was that cathedrals were begun that were not completed for hundreds of years. Now in New York another such cathedral, a worthy rival of any of the olden times, has been building for full ten years, and, in the opinion of men who know, this cathedral certainly will not be finished in the lifetime of the present generation, and perhaps not in the lifetime of the present generation's grandchildren.

Years to Dress Stone for Choir.

The citation of just one big little thing will give a fair impression of the vast task the cathedral's builders have assumed.

It is the intention to begin work on the choir of the cathedral this fall. The choir will be 120 feet long, 54 feet wide, and its ceiling 108 feet above the floor. It

ing religious services in foreign tongues for the benefit of newcomers to America, presents dwarf-like proportions when its lines are compared with those of the cathedral of which it is the easternmost part. Its fifty-five feet of length is lost sight of in the cathedral's grand length of 520 feet; and the cathedral, at its widest point will be 296 feet, or ten times, less four feet, as wide as the chapel, which is being built by money from the coffers of August Belmont, as a memorial to his wife. Yet this small portion of the cathedral has consumed 15,000 cubic yards of exterior and interior stone, and its two small wings, each only several feet wide and about thirty feet in height, have required more bricks for interior lining than are used for a six-story apartment-house.

And then consider the decorations essential to the proper ornamentation of this chapel. There are fifty-two niches for five-foot statues. There are hundreds of opportunities for fret work, for bosses, for carving and sculpturing of all kinds. J. G. C. Hamilton, the sculptor, has begun the task of supplying the necessary stone and marble decoration.

Mr. Hamilton is known in the art world as the man who has more statues scattered about this continent than any other living man, J. Q. A. Ward alone excepted. He also is known widely by reason of what many consider his masterpiece, the largest carved crucifix in the world. It stands in a Buffalo, N. Y., cemetery. It is thirty feet high, twelve feet across the arms and sur-

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imposition
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The bears say 'th
to push 'em up
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The vehicle was driven up Fifth avenue and disappeared in Central Park.—[New York Sun.

By Hon. Merrill E. Gates, LL.D., of the Board of Indian Commissioners.

the groups of Indians, in their progress toward
they ranged all the way along a line from
ignorant savagery, up through barbarism
stages, to the solid rural worth of the
Hudson, and the urbane civilization of the
well-bred, diplomatic leaders of the "Five
Civilized Tribes." Many thousands of them are self-
sufficient and many thousands, at the other extreme,
are savage hunters, whose only means of
subsistence is furnished with the disappearance of the

We do not want to inaugurate a policy designed to

PREPARE TO MEET THY DEATH,
FOR IT IS COMING.
This does not read pleasantly at the commencement
of a long railway journey.—[London Express

HUNT WITH HOUNDS.

MEN AND WOMEN WITH WHOM THE PRESIDENT USED TO RIDE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE hunt season is in full swing again, and these are gay days, and will be until Christmas, at the Meadow Brook Hunt on Long Island and the Radnor and Rose Tree Hunts near Philadelphia. These three clubs, organized exclusively for chasing sly Reynard over farm country to the deep-toned baying of the hounds and galloping after English packs in a drag hunt, are the most famous of their kind in America. And this season the devotees of this dangerous and always exciting sport are out in greater numbers than ever before.

But the Meadow Brook hunters will not have Theodore Roosevelt to ride with them as in the days before he became so busy in the public service, and they are continually regretting the fact. All true hunters love a huntsman who is a huntsman for hunting's sake—not because it is a fad—and who is as daring as he is enthusiastic. President Roosevelt was this kind of a huntsman eight years ago, and he would be still, his fellow club members declare, if his duties were not so pressing. They are hoping devoutly that some day he will find the time necessary for indulgence in the sport he loves so well, and in which he used to make the other hunters' caps stand on upright hairs at the

the incident from his mind. A quarter of an hour later, as the latter was standing in front of the house, a lather-covered horse tore up the driveway. When its rider, a well-known Long Island doctor, pulled up, he breathlessly inquired:

"How's Mr. Roosevelt? Has he come home?"

"What's the rumpus, Doc?" the friend asked. "Yes, he's home, but as far as I can see, he's only got about a yard of court-plaster on his face. He can't be hurt very much, because he's been playing with his baby since he came back."

The doctor looked astounded, then shouted as he dashed into the house:

"Why, man, he broke an arm when his horse went down!"

A few days later this same friend met Mr. Roosevelt, with an arm in a sling, on Fifth avenue.

"Sorry you didn't tell me the other day that your arm was broken," he said. "Perhaps I could have helped you."

"Pooh! Pooh!" was Mr. Roosevelt's reply; "merely a scratch! Merely a scratch!" And he turned the conversation.

Mrs. Kernochan's Daring.

Besides being exceedingly proud of the distinction of having the President of the United States as a fellow-member, the 300-odd millionaires who compose the Meadow Brook Club are also proud in their knowledge that two women among their number are universally acknowledged to be the leading huntswomen and the most accomplished horsewomen in America. They are Mrs. James L. Kernochan and Mrs. Emily Ladenburg.

Even though the season is just on, the newspapers

at the time he got the better of a ... Brook's practical jokers. The incident ... over at club breakfasts. When the ... for his wedding several of the Meadow ... concluded, from the Duke's quiet and ... inate ways, that he wasn't much of a ... have some fun with the Duke," they ... vited him to Meadow Brook and laid out a ... Wheatley Hills, where the jumps are ... never take 'em," they said gleefully. ... mounted on "The Rebel," loaned him by ... easily led the conspirators all the way ... "nerve almost equal to Mrs. Kernochan's ... jokers recently admitted.

Like Mrs. Kernochan, Mrs. Ladenburg, the widow of Adolph Ladenburg, is beautiful and ... though she is not so tall. She has \$7,000,000 ... just as she pleases, and much of the income is ... hunting not only on Long Island, but in Europe ... port, and at Aiken, N. C. Unlike Mrs. Kernochan, ... Ladenburg grew up in the saddle. As a ... hunted with the Rockaway hounds, of which ... Eben Stevens, once was master.

Ran Away From a Lord.

Mrs. Ladenburg has two hunters, "My ... and "The Dutchman," a seventeen-hand-high ... her favorite. "The Dutchman" is one of ... hunters brought to this country by P. F. Collier ... of several thousand dollars apiece. These three ... —the other two are "Ascetic" and "Shamrock" ... to be the best of their kind in America.

Mrs. Ladenburg has performed her best ...



Jumps he took with the ease and grace of a perfectly accomplished horseman.

It was his passionate fondness for club meets that partly led Mr. Roosevelt to build a house at Oyster Bay; he wanted to be comparatively near the Meadow Brook Club, on the Hempstead Plains.

There are many anecdotes told at club breakfasts about the President's club hunting days, but the one that is a prime favorite this year was told recently for the first time. Here it is:

When Roosevelt Broke an Arm.

It often happened eight years ago that the Meadow Brook would have a "throw in" up by the Roosevelt house, on on these occasions Mr. Roosevelt frequently entertained the club at breakfast. One day, shortly after his house was finished, the future President gave a hunt breakfast, and after it was over, set out with his fellow-hunters for a ten-mile "drag." Less than an hour later a friend, who was inspecting the new stables, saw Mr. Roosevelt ride up. He noticed that his host had liberal quantities of court-plaster on his face, that he showed some blood, that he had his right hand tucked between two buttons of his waistcoat, and that when he dismounted he did so cautiously. The friend began to think that Mr. Roosevelt had had a nasty fall, but the latter was so cool and played so unconcernedly with a little Roosevelt being wheeled by a nurse near the stables that the friend decided that Mr. Roosevelt was only scratched. And that was what the future President said when he was asked what was the matter. "Only a scratch—just a little scratch."

In a few minutes, and without any signs of haste, the President went into the house and the friend dismissed

are chronicling almost daily the achievements of these two New World Dianas, who every fall, by reason of their daring while riding to the hounds, command prominent positions in the public eye. Of these two hunters, Mrs. Kernochan is perhaps the better known in this country, while Mrs. Ladenburg has more fame in England and on the continent, where she frequently engages in her favorite sport.

Unlike her friendly rival, Mrs. Kernochan hunts only in this country, and mostly around New York, where she began making her reputation at meets about six years ago. As Miss Eloise Stevenson, she cared not one jot or tittle for fox hunting, but shortly after her marriage she cultivated a fondness for it, and now she is one of the regulars at every club hunt. She has not missed a half-dozen meets in the years she has been following the hounds; and the Meadow Brook averages three a week.

Mrs. Kernochan "rides straight." Her fellow-hunters say that there is no such thing as fear in her. A five-foot two or four fence or wall has never been known to make her draw rein, but many men have been observed going around and not taking it. Mounted on "The Rebel," the favorite of her four superb hunters, Mrs. Kernochan takes everything before her, and is generally the first in at the death. She has been injured several times by falls, but never seriously. "The Rebel" is a noted hunter. He is an English thoroughbred and was on the turf until he received a slight injury. Then Mrs. Kernochan imported him, and with him she has made her reputation as a horsewoman.

The Duke of Marlborough's Feat.

"The Rebel" was ridden by the Duke of Marlborough

port. Hunting is very difficult and dangerous the famous resort, owing to the wide, steep ... inclose the farms, but Newport is Mrs. ... favorite hunting ground for this very reason. ... Newport last year that she scored a well-deserved ... equally amusing triumph.

Lord Charles Beresford was at Newport ... Knowing that he is reckoned a mighty ... England, the Newport Club decided to "show ... time." After furnishing him with the best ... F. Collier, master of the hunt, and Mrs. ... Lord Charles cut. The first day Mrs. ... away from Lord Charles. She did the ... second meet, despite Lord Charles's very ... strenuous efforts to keep up with her. In ... time she and Lord Charles went out ... Ladenburg ran away from the distinguished ...

While Mrs. Kernochan and Mrs. Ladenburg ... heard of, Meadow Brook can boast of other ... women. Miss Randolph, daughter of William ... ney's second wife, who received a mortal ... hunting at Aiken, is looked upon as an expert ... die. Mrs. Cushing, sister of E. Willard ... Van R. Kennedy, Miss May Bird and her ... Mrs. O. W. Bird; Miss Maud Livingston and ... ley Mortimer regularly take part in the ... hunts. Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., made ... early morning, when the American pack ... foxes, and she rides astride invariably.

P. F. Collier, Paragon of Huntsmen.

Meadow Brook and other clubs have ... plished huntsman, but it is generally ... Collier is the paragon of them all. He ...

(Copyright.)

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AN ESKIMO EDITOR.

PUBLISHED WORLD'S MOST NORTHERLY NEWSPAPER.

By a Special Contributor.

THE editor of the world's most northerly newspaper—the full-blooded Eskimo, Lars Möller, died recently at his home in Arctic Greenland. Born in the interior of Greenland, Lars Möller, as journalist and editor of a newspaper in the Arctic, undoubtedly presents the most unique phenomenon in the world's journalism. This remarkable Eskimo editor received his impulse to start a newspaper from the famous Swedish North Pole farer, Adolf Eric Nordenskiöld, with whom he had become acquainted during one of the latter's Arctic expeditions.

It will be remembered that Nordenskiöld, on his trip across Greenland, employed a few Eskimos to serve him as clerks through that wild, trackless region. Lars Möller was one of them. He at once struck Nordenskiöld by his singular power of observation and unsatiable interest in matters pertaining to the scientific aspect of the expedition, and between the two men, so widely separated both in latitudes of nature and of culture, ensued a warm friendship. Underneath the savage garb of the Eskimo, the Swedish explorer discovered a "humble and a contrite heart."

It is really remarkable how loose the savage garb often is found to hang on a man's shoulders. Association with Nordenskiöld and the touch of his humanizing influence deeply affected the inner nature of the Eskimo, who suddenly felt himself in the dawn of a revelation from which he should get "glimpses that would make him less forlorn." With incredible rapidity the shaggy man of the wilds unfolded unsuspected powers of intelligence and judgment, scaling with a few bounds the rounds in the evolutionary ladder which separated him from the man of culture and social refinement. The combustible material was already at hand, only waiting for the igniting spark of civilized association to burst into beacon-fires of interior illumination. Never was more plainly demonstrated the triumphant power the mind yields over physical environment, and the almost limitless possibilities found within the sphere of human attainment, when the true man is aroused.

Lars Möller's first effort was to learn the form, name and character of letters. With tireless energy he spent the long evenings of the Arctic in his little smoky tent plodding over the mystical signs and figures which stood for so much hidden knowledge and power. In quick succession he mastered the initial difficulties of the art of spelling, and one fine day he succeeded in wrenching the first secret from the enigmatical compound of letters called a word—and the spell of magic and mystery surrounding the written word was broken forever.

Henceforth he would employ every spare moment of his time to reading. It became to him a source of infinite delight to compel the sphinx of language to yield up its so long-guarded secrets. He had entered the enchanted palace of the King, and his experiences in this new sphere of life and thought impressed him as something at once the substance of a fairy tale and a history. He felt like an enchanter, wielding his magic wand over unbounded realms of treasures and power.

The newspapers he received from Nordenskiöld became his reading par excellence, and he besieged his instructor with questions concerning the process of printing and how the illustrations were reproduced. Finally when the expedition had accomplished its object and the time for the parting of the two friends had come, Lars Möller confided to Nordenskiöld his intentions to "start a newspaper in Greenland."

A newspaper in Greenland—the land of eternal snow and frost! Nordenskiöld smiled and remarked that even if he succeeded in establishing a newspaper he would certainly find no readers for it.

But Lars Möller had already made up his mind. His soul was electrified, and his mind ablaze with wild dreams of great endeavors. He commenced with publishing illustrations, hoping thereby to create a natural curiosity and interest in his savage brethren and later on, by adding notes of explanation, gradually teach them to read. The difficulties Lars Möller had to overcome can easily be imagined, though for him who puts his heart and sympathy in the work, nothing is impossible. And the seemingly impossible was really accomplished; a newspaper in the land of the Eskimo was established!

Nordenskiöld, who realized the magnitude of the force he invoked in the savage boom, rendered all the assistance possible. When he returned to Sweden, fêted and honored, he did not forget his Eskimo friend, but continued to nourish the fires of intelligence he had kindled in the ice-bound zone of the north. He sent him a little printing press, with types, paper, ink, etc., and a short time afterward Lars Möller, editor, publisher and manager, sent out into the world the first complete number of his illustrated newspaper. He distributed the paper during his long, adventurous sleigh drives in the "lapmarks" of his Arctic country. One by one he visited his benighted Eskimo brethren, and started to teach them what he had learned himself. With irrepressible courage he applied himself to his great mission of life, and established tracks of culture and mental interest between the widely-separated natives, sowing seeds of thought and virtue in the virgin soil of minds, which, with all their limitations, yet possessed the advantage that while untouched by culture, they were also untouched by prejudices and misconstrued ideals.

And the seeds germinated and bore fruit. Mental nature in this region proved to be far more fertile than physical nature. "Ideas rule the world," said Plato some 2400 years ago, and the truth of that statement holds good yet. Ideas are rapidly transforming Greenland. Through subtle, impalpable agencies of thought and reason, this old, hoary, ice-clad world begins to throb under the stimulus of hitherto unknown life impulses.

The ancient "frost giants of cold and darkness" are yielding to the formidable blows of a regenerated Thor. But the blows are no longer dealt by a hammer, but by a printing press. At the death of Lars Möller there was hardly to be found an Eskimo not able to read. And as the train of material achievement is always seen to follow in the wake of mental achievement, so—in the Greenland of today the visitor from distant shores finds himself confronted with works of progress wrought in iron-hard environment by the spirit of modern culture.

Lars Möller is dead, but his works survive him. The value he imparted to the life and destiny of the Eskimos is incalculable. The fire of his enthusiasm and the granite of his will have reincarnated in the stirring activities of the "New Greenland," where grateful hearts in unfading memories have erected an imperishable monument to his honor.

The name of his newspaper, which some of his disciples propose to continue, is "Aturgadlinitit" (the message)—a name rather complex to Anglo-Saxon readers—and its edition reached a maximum of more than 300 copies. In the Press Exhibition in Copenhagen last year this quaint sheet could be seen. It has a somewhat irregular form, measuring some fifteen inches in square and consists of a single sheet.

The Danish newspaper editors paid a tribute of honor to their dead colleague by surrounding their papers containing the news of his death, in wide funeral borders. Manhood, humanitarian service and power of intelligence claim their tribute wherever manifested. The noblest thing in the world is a man fighting against environment and hardships in the service of his fellow-men. Such a man is in the truest sense a hero.

AXEL E. GIBSON.

RELICS OF HEAD HUNTERS.

GREWSOME SKULLS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM IN NEW YORK.

[New York Tribune:] Dr. E. O. Hovey's report on the volcanic eruption of Mont Pelée, prepared for the American Museum of Natural History, which has just been issued, is a valuable addition to the records of the institution. It is profusely illustrated from photographs made by Dr. Hovey, who went to the scene of the disaster on the Dixie and remained at St. Vincent three weeks and at Martinique four weeks after the Dixie returned. A further report, in which matters of interest to the scientific world will be dealt with at length, is now being prepared.

An interesting specimen brought back by Dr. Hovey is now on exhibition at the museum. It is a large black boulder with many deep, uneven indentations. The surface is glazed, and its general appearance accounts for the name, "breadcrust" bomb. It is about twenty-eight inches high and about twenty inches in diameter at the longest point. It was thrown about three miles from the crater, and fell 200 yards from the Guerin factory. A few feet from the place where this "bomb" was picked up there was another thirty feet long, twenty-two feet high and twenty-four feet wide. The fact that this huge mass rested on a fresh ash deposit was proof that it had been hurled, like the smaller boulder, a distance of about three miles.

"There is this difference between the two big pieces," said Dr. Hovey; "the smaller one came from the volcano in semi-molten condition and resembled a meteor, while the large one, which is composed of old lava, came forth as a block and is consequently more solid."

The breadcrust bomb has been placed in a conspicuous place in the museum, and will probably attract much attention.

Another new and highly-interesting exhibit at the museum is the collection of human skulls from Borneo. They show marked peculiarities in formation and leave no doubt in the mind of the student as to the inferiority of the race from which they came. They are interesting also because they throw light on the methods of decoration employed by the head hunters. In the part of the world where these skulls were found every family must have some heads for decorative or ornamental purposes. Head hunting is for that reason a perfectly legitimate occupation. Heads are brought home in triumph not only from the battlefield, but from the bush and the forest trail, where men, ambitious to own the grewsome trophies, wait for and kill their inoffensive victims. The killing is not considered a crime, because the victim would have served his assassin in the same way if circumstances had favored him.

Among the Dyaks it is the custom to decorate one rude hut in each village with skulls and trophies of war and the chase. In this hut the young boys sleep, and they are supposed to receive their inspiration from the objects with which they are surrounded. When they are about 15 years old they are received into the ranks of the men, and when the new tribesman has brought back his first head his claim to warriorship has been established.

The heads of friends are also decorated and preserved by the people on the shores of the Papuan Gulf. One writer on the subject tells of visiting a temple in the village of Maina where he saw numerous skulls of men, women and children, all carved and many painted. The human skulls were of those who had been killed and eaten.

The skulls of friends and relatives are preserved and revered as sacred relics, and become the subject of superstitious veneration or worship. From the specimens in the museum it seems that the head hunter wants his trophy complete, for he has bound and fastened the jaws, in some instances on the sides and in some by heavy braided sutures in front, and has replaced with little plugs of wood the missing teeth of the late lamented. The way the jaws are kept together differs in many respects, and this is probably the family or tribal trademark. The carvings on the frontal bone are of a crude and inartistic kind, and show that the work was done by people of little skill and few ideas. The skulls are dark in color, having been treated to a coat of paint, which, in some instances, has worn partly away. One of the skulls has an additional decoration in the form of dried red grass. This is fastened to the sides and gives the skull the appearance of having a high colored beard. This specimen was probably looked upon as a marvel in the art of high-class decoration when it adorned the hut of its Borneo cannibal owner.

by all odds. Most men stop following when they reach middle age, but Mr. Collier, who is now in his sixties, attends the meets with as clock-like regularity as he did in his younger days. Whenever the dogs make the start he is pretty sure to be on the line and before the hunt is over he is pretty sure to have won nearly all the young bloods who enter to try with him.

Collier's favorite hunters are "Ascentic" and "Shamrock" and he has one of the finest hunting stables in the country. He has his own pack of hounds, with which he frequently hunts at Southampton and in New Jersey, and a good deal at Lakewood and at Newport in the winter. The Newport Club is composed mainly of members of the Meadow Brook hunt.

Several years ago Mr. Collier bought a stag and intended to hunt it over Jersey country. He first had much sport with the stag, but finally he became so tame that he would run toward the hunter and bounds instead of away from them. The stag was now eating his head off down in New Jersey, at Lakewood, where Mr. Collier has an estate. Mr. Collier talks about his little experience with the stag.

Havemeyer's Fine Hunters.

Charles Havemeyer is another well known and experienced hunter and huntsman. Mrs. Havemeyer is also a hunter, and is a good hand at riding to the hounds. She has owned some of the best hunters ever brought to America, notably "Batan" and "Spendthrift." Mr. Havemeyer joined the Meadow Brook about four years ago, and moved to the Hempstead Plains, occupying the house that E. D. Morgan enlarged and lived in for many years. He has a magnificent show place in the country, which, like the Hempstead Plains, are surrounded exclusively by millionaires who are members. Indeed, the Meadow Brook has been the place where men to build palatial houses on Long Island wanted to be near the seat of their favorite sport.

Mr. Havemeyer owns two hunters. He has been out hunting this year, but he does not follow the hounds very often. He has two sons who run after the pointers and promises to develop into keen hunters. Mr. Havemeyer, Jr., recently became owner of his own house on the Meadow Brook hunt, has a number of fine hunters, and when he isn't sailing in his yacht, he is hunting. He is a millionaire and a bachelor.

Mr. Havemeyer, eldest son of Eldridge T. Gerry, lives on the Hempstead Plains and at Newport. He never hunts, but he drives the hounds several breakfasts a season to the club at Fort Washington, Long Island. He is a more enthusiastic and constant millionnaire than E. D. Morgan. He has a number of fine hunters, including J. Clinch Smith, J. D. L. Lanier, O. W. Smith, L. Karschman, Sidney Dillon Ripley, H. Van Rensselaer, and Robert Collier, son of P. F. Collier.

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Stories of the Firing Line * Animal Stories.

Lincoln's Kind Heart.

IN THE several articles which the Commercial has published during the past few weeks regarding the history of the Second Regiment of Maine Volunteers and its record of heroism in the war for the Union, one incident has not been mentioned, which deserves to be spoken of now that its veterans are with us to revive old recollections and live over again the days of the past. It relates to the gallant Gen. Jameson, the first colonel of the regiment.

The fortunes of war called him early into the heart of the strife. When his regiment had been driven back from the batteries of the enemy at the first battle of Bull Run, leaving their wounded behind, Col. Jameson called for volunteers, and leading back a little band under a steady fire, the men brought off in their arms the injured and helpless. It was for gallantry in this engagement that he won his brigadier's star. Later he commanded splendid regiments from New York and Pennsylvania in the battles of Yorktown, Williamsburg and Fair Oaks. Gen. Jameson became, so worn out with heavy marches, the fatigue of camp life, the exposure and hardship of battle, and the personal exertion of caring for the health and comfort of his men that his own health gave way, and in September, 1862, he came to his home on leave of absence to recuperate. But he gradually became worse, and died on November 6 of that year at the early age of thirty-five.

It was but a few days before his death that the incident occurred to which we allude. A telegraph message was received in this city from President Abraham Lincoln, addressed to Gen. Jameson. It was, as nearly as can be recalled in these words: "Let me know the exact condition of your health, as I want to know how you are. I hope you will soon be better and be able to return." This message was delivered in person to Gen. Jameson at his home in Upper Stillwater by our esteemed townsman, Charles E. Bliss, who was then in charge of the American telegraph office in this city. An answer was forwarded, the nature of which is not recalled, but in a few days Gen. Jameson had answered the last summons.

Looking at this incident today what a flood of pathos it brings to mind. President Lincoln at that time was carrying upon his heart a nation's trials. He was weighted with sorrow and responsibility as few men have ever been burdened with the cares of statecraft in a time of raging civil war. Yet he could stop amid it all to send a message hundreds of miles to inquire for the health of a gallant man whom he knew to be sick somewhere near Bangor, in Maine.—[Bangor (Me.) Commercial.]

A Rare Bird.

BRITISH army pets are of necessity limited in number by regulation; otherwise each regiment would be cumbered with a menagerie. But when Tommy Atkins wants a new pet very much he generally finds a way round rules, even if it involves a little cutting of red tape, and he is often assisted by his official superiors if they are kind-hearted.

A troopship lately put in at Malta a few hours, and one of the sergeants went on shore to pay a visit to a soldier who was stationed there. When he returned he carried a small woolly dog under one arm. It was an engaging young thing, but the quartermaster steered his heart and shook his head.

"Official number of dogs already on ship," said he, uncompromisingly.

The sergeant tried palaver, but it availed nothing, so after looking perplexed for a space he reentered the boat in which he had come off to the ship, and returned to the shore. When he came back he carried a bird cage containing a strange-looking creature. It was covered with gray feathers, but it had four legs.

"Can't pass that dog on board ship," said the sentry, and the quartermaster bore out this verdict.

"Dog, sir?" echoed the sergeant, in surprise and disgust. "Can't you tell a Maltese bird of paradise from a dog? And you that up in feathers that perfumers consult with ye!"

"Pass on John Smith and one Maltese bird of paradise!" sang out the quartermaster, with a broad grin.

"There isn't any order against taking birds on board as I know on," remarked John Smith, as he came over the other side. And his expression of triumph did not fade even when, in the course of a few days, the feathers on the rare bird came off in the wash.—[Youth's Companion.]

Five Dollars for That Rebel.

CAPT. MARSHALL P. THATCHER of Oxnard sends the following incident:

"It was at Fair Garden, in East Tennessee. The Second, Michigan Cavalry was deployed, dismounted, in front of the brigade and for want of better cover both armies were lying flat to the ground and pouring a deadly hail of lead at each other; this continued for a short time, when a soldier on the Confederate side arose to his feet and boldly dashed back to the cover of the woods. Lieut.-Col. Ben Smith shouted at the top of his voice, 'Five dollars for that rebel.' The whole regiment sprang to their feet, and, dashing forward, drove the advance of the enemy from the field."

For Sake of Variety.

SOME lively and characteristic pictures of "The Private Soldier as a Familiar Friend," his peculiarities of thought and speech, his ideas about his officers, his rivalries, his home-sickness, and other qualities developed during the South African campaign, are given

by E. Macfayden, late of the Imperial Yeomanry, in Good Words. This is among the most amusing of the incidents related: "One night I went to the door of our tent rather late, and was at once attracted by an unusual object straight before me. I went up to it and found it to be the figure of a man turned upside down, and apparently fixed so in an everlasting station. I turned the figure over and found it to be a friend of mine in the regiment endearingly known as the 'Dubs' (the Dublin Fusiliers, that is.) 'Why, what's wrong with you, Mike?' I asked. 'Ugh,' he replied, 'doctor, he sez, 'Ye're not looking yourself today, Mike;' so I sez, 'Neither am I feeling it, doctor,' sez I. 'So, what is the matter wid ye, then?' sez he. 'Ugh, sorr,' sez I. 'I think it's the monothony that's preying on me vitals.' 'Why,' sez he, 'go and stand on yer head, man,' sez he, 'that's all you're needing.' So I tried it, and I felt such an improvement in me general health that I'm just continuing the motion."

An Early Tragedy of the Civil War.

MRS. LIBBY PADGETT, who made the Confederate flag—which waved over the Marshall House here in 1861, causing the death of Col. Ellsworth and James Jackson, the proprietor, died at her home here last night. She was 77 years old.

The death of Mrs. Padgett recalls one of the first tragedies of the war between the States. A New York regiment, including the Ellsworth Zouaves, had just reached Alexandria on their way to the front when the flag incident and the deaths of both Ellsworth and Jackson occurred. The scene of the tragedy was the Marshall House, a hotel at the corner of King and Pitt streets, kept by Jackson. He was an ardent secessionist and Confederate, and promptly upon the secession of Virginia hoisted upon the top of the Marshall House the stars and bars of the young Confederacy. It is said that in his ardor he registered a solemn vow that he would protect that flag with his life, and would kill any man who attempted to haul it down.

Early in the movement of troops southward Ellsworth and his New York Zouaves entered Alexandria about daylight one morning in April, 1861. Seeing the Confederate flag floating defiantly from the summit of the Marshall House, Ellsworth, fired with martial zeal, determined that it should come down from the cupola. He quietly informed his men that he was going to haul it down, and, accompanied by a sergeant, he ascended to the cupola and tore down the flag, wrapping it around him. Jackson and his family were asleep at the time, but as the Zouaves descended the noise awakened Mrs. Jackson, who hurriedly aroused her husband. Seeing Ellsworth descending with the flag, Jackson immediately carried out his vow and shot Ellsworth dead. The sergeant who was with the officer thereupon shot Jackson. The tragedy created great excitement, and the city was immediately placed under martial law. This was, perhaps, the first officer killed in the war.—[Alexandria (Va.) Correspondence Richmond Dispatch.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Faithful Friend.

THE "friend that sticketh closer than a brother" to Theodore Berglin is an immense black and white shepherd dog. It required much strategy and not a little force and the shedding of some blood on the part of the patrol wagon crew this morning to take Berglin to jail.

About 6 o'clock this morning somebody telephoned police headquarters that a man was lying on the sidewalk at Fifteenth and Larimer. The wagon crew found Berglin fast asleep, surrounded by hobbos and loafers who looked longingly at the gold watch he wore. But lying on Berglin's body was a large dog, who bared his teeth menacingly whenever any one offered to touch him.

When the police arrived one of the crowd officiously picked up Berglin's hat to hand to the officers, but the dog leaped upon him, bit him and took the hat from him. Then he lay down again on the man's body, growling defiance to all. Several times the police tried to waken Berglin or take hold of him, but the dog drove him off.

Finally McDonald of the wagon crew got a bystander to attract the dog's attention. The policeman then leaped upon the dog from behind, seizing his collar and choking him. The dog twisted his head and bit the policeman's wrist, but he held fast and choked him into submission. Then holding the dog, he made the bystanders load Berglin, dead drunk, into the wagon. Giving the dog a sling into the gutter, the policeman then leaped into the wagon and slammed the door, and Berglin was taken safely to jail.—[Denver Post.]

Polly Rejoiced.

"HELLO! Hello! Come in. Pretty polly. Polly wants to go home!"

A handsome, green and red parrot, which had been stolen from the home of G. A. Gilpatrick, a merchant tailor in the California building who resides at No. 1649 Franklin street, seemed to realize that officers were approaching last night as Detectives Carberry and Sanders entered the room of James D. Madden, an actor in a variety show. Madden's room is at No. 1910 1/2 Arapahoe street. The bird was stolen about a month ago while its cage was hanging in the sun on the side of Mr. Gilpatrick's house.

The theft was reported to the detectives, but no trace of the missing parrot could be found. Several days ago Detective Sanders and Carberry advised Mr. Gilpatrick to advertise a reward of \$25 for the return of his lost bird in the daily papers. He did so, and yesterday afternoon Madden walked into the tailor shop and demanded the

reward, stating that he had the parrot. He was arrested.

At police headquarters Madden said his wife had the parrot for \$5 from two men. Mrs. Madden was at police headquarters last night and verified the statement of her husband. She volunteered to accompany pet and Detective Sanders and Carberry went to the rooming-house and recovered it. Mr. Madden accompanied the officers, and when he entered the parrot at once recognized its master. The bird was great. "It climbed up Mr. Gilpatrick's shoulder uttering a peculiar guttural sound of affection and then it perched itself on its master's head. The bird began fairly shouting: 'Polly wants to go home!'"—[Denver Republican.]

Dog Dying of Grief.

WHAT has become of "Blind Harry"? Is he in another protracted spree, or is he lying dead somewhere, or has he abandoned his only friend and town? Whatever has happened to him is a mystery. Only friend in the world, King, the Irish setter spaniel that has been his guard and dependent for years. King has spent most of his time for days and nights at the police station, waiting for his master and he will not touch food. He is grieving for his death. "Blind Harry," with his black, curly hair, his long cane and his wheezy old hand organ, was known to all Denver for years. The dog would lead old man to his favorite corners, lead him to the bar, take him home or take him to the city jail. He was other of his haunts at bidding. Apparently he understood spoken language as well as a human being, certainly he obeyed better than most. Only a month ago some practical joker took off his master's stole the dog away when the master was arrested and sent to the county jail. There was an affecting scene when the dog was admitted to his master's ward in the jail.

Of late months many of "Blind Harry" have been spent in the city jail, and when the dog is found from him this is always the base of his operations. For three days the dog has haunted the jail, watching for his master and going out on his expeditions, always returning tired and hungry and ever refusing to touch food. The kind gives him shelter and tries to feed him, but his opinion that unless "Blind Harry" is found the dog will die of grief.—[Denver Post.]

How Tony Ran Away.

"TONY," the dwarf monkey of the Zoo, was a special pet of its keeper, Murray, was found yesterday morning in the pocket of an old pair of trousers where it had been hiding for two weeks.

When Tony disappeared a search was made in the low, and everything in the mammal house was turned upside down, but all to no good. It was then that Tony had escaped, and Murray's only hope was the hope that he would get home and voluntarily.

While the keeper was under a strain of anxiety, pet everything in the mammal house seemed wrong. Bananas were stolen, tidbits disappeared, bottles fell over at night and were found broken morning. Tony's ghost seemed to haunt the night hours.

At daybreak yesterday morning Keeper started on an investigation of the night. Every nook and corner was searched, and at last thrust his hand into his clothes locker to find self that nobody was hiding therein. One by one garment was taken out and shaken. In the old pair of trousers Murray saw something in the pocket. Putting his hand in the keeper felt soft and warm. It was Tony, sound asleep after his night's adventure.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Smart Horse Saves Child.

AN EXCEPTIONAL instance of extraordinary promptness of instinct in horses has come to light. The animal playing the leading part was a 4-year-old family horse owned by William J. McGowan, a grocer. The 4-year-old daughter of McGowan, who was in the barn unobserved in the afternoon, was soon at play on the floor of a big barn, a freedom of which is allowed to Prince and his younger and very spirited animal.

During her play the child fell under the horse and might have been kicked to death. The old Prince came to the rescue. In the search for the child had been started. Mr. McGowan went to the barn, and just as he entered he saw the horse softly grasp the child's clothing, and, from danger, deposit her on the hay in the barn where he carefully guarded her until Mr. McGowan came away.—[New York Sun.]

A Pet Horse.

A PETTED horse may become as loving as a dog. In this city there is a cow horse so gentle and so indulged that he is never harnessed for work he often wanders the neighborhood of the store, but a call from the driver he promptly follows to his place. He follows a driver he loves who occasionally allows him to follow the whereabouts of the man he loves. He is revealed by the horse, who follows him, as he slips through.—[Our Fourfooted Friend.]

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

By Edna St. Vincent.

With return of Dr. Dedrick from the Arctic regions with an Eskimo dog said to have been farther north than any other dog, reminded a man who read of a story, which he told:

"I am not at all skeptical on the subject," he said. "If Dr. Dedrick says he has such a dog I believe it. But there was a time when I wouldn't have done so."

"Some years ago, after Dr. Kane had returned from his Arctic explorations, a panorama of his expedition was put on the road. The man who lectured played a melodeon between his talks, while one scene was being reeled off to make way for another. He was an old friend of mine and was engaged in the business for the purpose of getting enough money to finish a collegiate course."

"The day he got to my town he hunted me up and said he wanted me to help him find a Newfoundland dog. I didn't know as much about Arctic expeditions then as I know now, and I wondered what the connection was between a panorama and a Newfoundland dog."

"You know," said my friend, "that Dr. Kane had a dog, and he brought it back to the United States with him."

"I saw what he was up to and asked him why he wanted a dog and keep it. He said that in most of the scenes where he showed they charged him for the dog and he couldn't stand the expense."

"I said I would have a dog at the hall that night."

"I said the dog didn't have to come on until the last scene."

"I made arrangements and the dog was taken through the stage entrance and tied, to await orders."

"In the last scenes were being unrolled my eloquent friend referred to the dog which Dr. Kane had brought back, and said he had him. He got the audience worked up by his description of the fine Newfoundland. And he stood behind the scenes to fetch the dog out."

"I was there. The young lecturer raved like a madman when he saw the animal. The man whom I had told to get a dog said he couldn't find a Newfoundland dog, and he brought the next best he could get. It was a long, lean, frozen greyhound, and the man said he'd be before he would consent to let it go on."

"My friend said he didn't want the dog at any price. He had promised to show up a Newfoundland and he couldn't do anything else."

"The dog agent said he didn't know anything about it and he didn't care. He had done the best he could."

"There was a long wait in the audience, pending an order. I paid half the demand and the lecturer said he'd be back. Then the dog agent struck the lecturer for not being himself and family for the next night."

"The lecturer returned to the platform and explained to the Newfoundland dog of Dr. Kane had been taken away and could not appear, and referred to me to make the statement, which I did. It was my responsibility on the platform. From that time as my friend ran the panorama he cut out that part which referred to dogs."—[New York Sun.]

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In bright colors, and wearing huge gold hoop earrings. Her complexion was a fine rich brown, her eyes were black, under heavy black eyebrows, and a dull red glow in her brown cheeks. Her head was bound in a bright red and yellow silk kerchief and in her hand was a long-stemmed rose. Just in front of her sat a girl, of the comfortable walks in life, well-dressed, and, in her way, as picturesque as the gypsy. She, too, was black-eyed and had black hair; she had handsome features, and a glow in her cheeks. Also, she was dressed in rich colors—the bright hues of civilized garb—and she carried her head with much unconscious pride. She did not seem to notice the gypsy woman very closely, but the gypsy eyed her intently and with evident admiration.

"The train stopped way downtown, and the men who were with the gypsy started up to leave the car. She rose to go with them, and, as she passed the handsome girl, without a word gently laid the beautiful red rose in her lap."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Gray's Narrow Escape

GEORGE GRAY of the lower part of Potter county, Pa., came very near violating the game laws of Pennsylvania one day last week.

He was out squirrel hunting. He saw two gray squirrels run up a tree. He had just got sight of one among the branches and was taking aim to pop it out of the tree, when he heard a noise in the bushes near him that caused him to lower his gun and look around.

He was surprised quite a little to see a bear coming toward him, snapping its jaws and snarling fiercely.

Mr. Gray is not much of a hunter; there was no time for him to get out of the bear's way, and he had only No. 6 shot in the gun, so his situation was not pleasant. He concluded that there was nothing better left for him to do than to let the bear have both charges at once, which he did.

He was obliged to lie down on his back very suddenly when he fired, for the gun pushed very hard at the butt. He rose as soon as he could, looked for the bear and saw that he had shot the top of the bear's head off.

Mr. Gray got to his feet in time to see the two gray squirrels go bounding away through the trees, and he was gazing after them regretfully, when out of a tree to his right a spring bear cub came sprawling to the ground, looked about a minute with terror in its eyes, and then made a break for the deeper woods as fast as its legs would carry it. The cub had scarcely got beyond sight when out of another tree another cub came sprawling, and repeated the performance of its brother.

"Well," said Gray, "this here gun of mine seems to have woke things up a little in this patch of woods."

Then he went home to get some one to help him lug the dead bear in. As they were on their way in with it the neighbor who was helping Gray with the carry, said:

"This is the first I knowed you was a bear hunter, George."

"I ain't," said Gray. "I was out after squirrels."

Then the neighbor dropped his end of the bear as if it had been hot.

"Jupiter's peelin', then, George Gray, but you're lucky!" said he. "You had a narrow escape, I tell you."

"I suppose I did," said Gray. "That bear was dignation ugly, and if my gun had missed fire, he'd a jest more than chawed me up."

"Tain't that," exclaimed Gray's neighbor. "Tain't the bear. It's the game law. The law ain't up on squirrels till November and you came tremendous nigh to breakin' it."

Then Gray was so overcome by hearing what a narrow escape he had that he had to drop his end of the bear, too, and sit down quite awhile before he could take up the burden again and go on.

Besides bringing Gray such luck, the bear was fat and juicy. The two cubs are still at large.—[Bath, N. Y., Correspondence New York Sun.]

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Heve him—but, gentlemen, I confess I might have some doubts about the security of the abutment on the other side."—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

A Plucky Little Philosopher.

OUT in Riverside there lives a little chap who deserves a place in the world's philosophy along with Mrs. Wiggs and David Harum. He is by nature sunny and is apt to take the world as it comes along. Ills that are childhood tragedies to most youngsters he usually passes by with a smile. For this he rightly has been considered something of a wonder, but the climax came the other day. He had gone to play with a neighbor's child and the boys, seeking excitement, had managed to climb to the top of a big tree. Our little philosopher had only just reached the top when his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. He never uttered a word and it was the screams of the playmate that attracted the attention of the mother. The doctor came and found two bad fractures of the leg and hip. The little fellow bore the setting of the bones patiently. After it was done the mother slipped out of the room to hide her own tears. A faint little sound came from the room where the injured boy lay. She hurried back almost hoping to find him crying.

"My son," she said, "do you want something? I thought I heard you call."

"Oh, no, mother," answered the little fellow, "I didn't call. I just thought I'd try singing a bit."

And he went on with the song.—[Chicago Chronicle.]

"Satan Leading on."

ELLIOTT DANFORTH, politician, lawyer and society man, tells a good story on himself. Mr. Danforth, who has long been in the public eye, has a summer home at Bainbridge, Chenango county, where he is very popular. Recently there was a Sunday-school festival and Mr. Danforth was prevailed upon to accept the post of grand marshal. He attired himself in blue, borrowed a chapeau, scarlet sash and spurs, and engaged the most spirited horse in the village.

More than 2000 children were in the parade, and Mr. Danforth, prouder than Lucifer, rode at the head, bowing and smiling to hundreds. As the grove was neared the musical director ordered the children to sing "Hold the Fort." Mr. Danforth enjoyed it at the outset, but when the second verse began he blanched. The lines in that are:

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on."

"Stop!" shouted Danforth, and, calling an aide, he said:

"Take my place; I'll go down the line to see what's doing."—[New York Times.]

Found a Huge Joke in It.

"THE stolidity of the northern race has frequently been commented upon, but until recently I had no idea that some of the individuals had a perverted sense of humor," said a prominent architect yesterday.

"That they have was impressed upon me in this way:

"I had built a house for a friend in a near by country town recently, and he went up to look it over after he had received word that it had been completed. He was shocked to find on his arrival at the villa that one of the water pipes had burst and the newly completed decorations were being ruined. He ran to the nearest store and asked to have a plumber sent to the house at once. Half an hour later, while my friend was inwardly anathematizing the slowness of the country workman, a blond giant walked in and inquired as to the trouble. It was explained to him in vigorous English. He looked the place over and then drawled in a marked Norse dialect:

"'Waal, dot bane a pooty big yob.'"

"'Don't talk it over, but get to work on it,' said my irate friend.

"'Waal, goften rip up da floor, an' all dot costen pooty big,' said the plumber, nowise abashed by my friend's vehemence.

"A minute later the alleged plumber was flying downstairs, helped on his way by a well-directed kick, and followed by a shower of profanity. Shortly after that the plumber showed up at the store. He was laughing as if he never would stop.

"'Dot bane a funny fellar oop dere,' he managed to gasp between paroxysms. 'He sand for me to make a yob and kick me downstairs.'

"'Where does the fun in that come in?' asked the shopkeeper.

"'Waal,' he managed to ejaculate between further paroxysms of laughter, 'he kicked me out, but I fool 'im. He called me a — Norwegian, an' all da time I bane a Swede.'"

—[New York Mail and Express.]

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Why He Quit Iowa.

HENRY CLAY DEAN, who was a famous orator a generation ago, was referred to many years after he had moved to Missouri from Iowa as "Henry Clay Dean of Iowa." He used to explain his move from the Hawkeye State in this way:

"You see, they passed a nefarious prohibition law in Iowa, and there's your whisky gone. Then they abolished capital punishment, and there's your hanging gone. And now the whole population seems to be drifting toward Universalism, and there's your hell gone. I can't live in a State that has neither hell, hanging nor whisky."—[Kansas City Journal.]

Terminus not Dependable.

LINCOLN was once approached with a scheme by some peace-makers who thought they had hit upon a means of ending the trouble with the South. He listened with patience, and said that, while it seemed possible to bridge over the trouble between the two sections, he had doubts about the good faith of the Confederacy in the transaction. To illustrate his point, he told a story of a churchman named Brown, who, elected chairman of a committee to plan a bridge over a dangerous stream, said his friend Jones, an architect, could do the work. Jones, when sent for, told the committee he could, if desired, build a bridge from here to the infernal regions. The committee thought this remark sacrilegious, and said so, whereupon Brown, feeling that Jones's reputation rested with him, arose and said:

"Gentlemen, I have known Mr. Jones some years, and have such faith in his judgment, ability and resources, that if he said he could build a bridge to hades, I'd be-

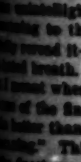
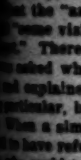
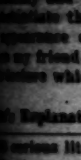
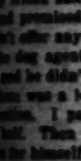
Judged by the Sample.

STORIES concerning the rivalry between Chicago and St. Louis evidently will never grow old. The latest concerns a visit which Alderman Michael Kenna, "Hinky Dink," recently paid to St. Louis. He wished to talk to a friend who lives in the suburbs of the Missouri city, and as he had a dime in his pocket for change called up over the telephone. He talked but a few minutes, and then asked the central operator how much he must deposit for the call.

"Fifty cents, please," was the answer, in a most confident voice.

"Fifty cents," gasped the alderman. "What do you take me for? A man with coin to burn? Why, in Chicago I can call up hades for 50 cents."

"Perhaps so," was the answer, still framed in the most unruffled tone, "but that's within the city limits, you know."—[Minneapolis Journal.]



FOR GOOD ROADS.

AN INTERSTATE AND INTERNATIONAL PROPOSITION.

By a Special Contributor.

ANY road reaching the Pacific Ocean leads, in a way, to the end of the world; any road reaching the State of Chiapas has led to the end of the republic of Mexico; a proposition, therefore, of alliance from Senator Earle, president of the Michigan Highway Commission, comes jointly to California and Chiapas with a certain definiteness and limitation which add interest to the plan involved.

Senator Earle of Detroit is not only president of the Michigan Highway Commission, but president also of the American Road Makers, organized in February, 1902, under a constitution which states as the objects of incorporation, "the promotion of the general betterment of highways throughout the United States," and "the special construction of inter-capital connecting highways converging at the national capital. The California organization to which the plan of alliance has been offered is the Pasadena Exhibition Association, whose road exhibit in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce represents the indorsement of both the city of Pasadena and the local Board of Supervisors—the latter, of course, the road makers of Los Angeles county. The Michigan proposition arose in the following manner: An editorial in The Times called attention to the fact of a recent organization for making a highway from New York to Chicago. This editorial was sent on to the Washington office of Public Roads inquiries, to Maurice O. Eldridge, acting director of this office, serving under Martin Dodge as director. Mr. Eldridge, whose correspondence with Pasadena dates back to 1895, immediately replied, suggesting that the Good Roads Committee write to the president of the American Road Makers, whose plan involved the ultimate connection of the city of Washington with every capital city in the United States. The suggestion of Mr. Eldridge was promptly acted upon, and as a result, the Good Roads Committee is in receipt of a definite plan of alliance with the American Road Makers, whose headquarters are in the City of New York.

The Acquisition of Chiapas.

It chanced that Mr. Earle's letter reached the Chamber of Commerce at the time when Mrs. Antonio Coronel

was about to return to Mexico from Los Angeles, having recently given to the latter city the last consignment of the famous collection which bears her husband's name. In this consignment is certain unique archeological material from a buried city in Chiapas, sent with the express statement that it was permitted only because the Coronel collection is no longer a private one, but the foundation of a municipal museum. Doña Mariana, in presenting this archeological collection (indisputably Toltec and Aztec pottery,) brings assurance of the interest of Gov. Pimentel in Los Angeles, in California, in the sister republic of the United States, and in the general good roads movement, which in Chiapas reaches the last State of Mexico, to touch next upon Guatemala itself.

Everywhere during her recent extended travels Mrs. Coronel has crossed and recrossed the old courier's route from Guatemala to Monterey, which in California, in early times, was the sole and only Camino Real. This route she has photographed repeatedly, and she has assuredly interested in it not only the Señor Gobernador of Chiapas, but also his brother, who is Governor of the State next adjoining Chiapas, Oaxaca, as famous in history as her neighbor herself. Since the placing of the Coronel collection in the Chamber of Commerce, it is easy to see that California is still actually connected with every State in Mexico, by stations "a day's journey apart," as in Franciscan times, and that her winter travel still goes, with more or less directness, from Monterey and San Francisco to Mexico and Vera Cruz, over the old courier's route.

Hundreds of travelers have seen in the Coronel collection a sort of advance Mexico and have gone on their way to Puebla, Guadalajara, Cuernavaca, San Blas and Tepic, with a new understanding of California as a former province in Spain. More than one such traveler has been sent directly on from Los Angeles to the State of Chiapas, and there is gradually arising a practical scheme of concerted action which fits well into Mr. Earle's Michigan proposition. If Los Angeles could have an exhibit of this scheme in the City of Mexico and Chiapas and other provinces, a corresponding exhibit in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, both exhibits representing the resources of the countries along a connecting road, the yearly crusade of sightseers could be intelligently guided over every day's journey of the way.

The idea of the inter-capital connecting highways converging everywhere at Washington and the City of Mexico is one of the most interesting ever suggested, more interesting than the transcontinental road because it includes representation of every State in the two republics.

General Government Co-operation in Mexico.

Besides the acquisition of Chiapas and Oaxaca as in-

terested States, other lines are rapidly approaching the California road plan. The United States Road Inquiries, honoring a paper containing the name of Loretta R. Garfield, to whom the Camino Real Book is dedicated, has empowered a committee of these officials the old route has been traced and reproduced in drawings made on the spot, and sent to Mrs. Coronel. With the Washington letters of Ellery goes always the seal of the country of Los Angeles, affixed to the indorsement of the Camino Real. In Mexico such seals are potent, as all know.

Modern Mexico has also been reached in a similar way by the files of this publication forming part of the collection. Space in its columns is offered for the general plan of Mr. Earle and the proposed alliance with Michigan. The circulation of Modern Mexico is special one, reaching a special class of Americans in and out of Mexico. The second editorial upon the Road Makers, printed in The Times of September 11, came by chance, at a dinner given at the Hotel into the hands of the Mexican Herald, and the paper has asked that complete data of the Camino Real plan be forwarded to its office. The representation of the Herald sees in this plan important present possibilities and proposes to immediately commence negotiations known at the Mexican end of the line.

It will be suggested to the Herald that the California project is this: The United States Office of Road Inquiries issued in 1895 a map for a proposed transcontinental highway, with two coastwise highways running at right angles. On the Atlantic side the road was set down upon this map as extending from Portland in Maine to Jacksonville in Florida. On the Pacific side the corresponding road is outlined from Seattle in Washington to San Diego in California.

It was immediately seen by the promoters of the road that the Pacific coastwise highway would in all essentials this mission road as planned from San Diego, through Los Angeles to San Francisco and beyond, within the State limits of California. California limits this road would of course immediately from San Diego into Mexico. Should a project be set up in Mexico to revive the old connecting roads between Guatemala and Monterey, it would really be the way of the Pacific coastwise road to a transcontinental way, the latter highway being, however, in the United States. At its other end the Mexican transcontinental highway would eventually connect in some way with the coastwise Atlantic road so reach Washington through Jacksonville. This



Last Date Films of San Fernando



Last Date Film of San Gabriel



Governor Pimentel



Last Date Film of San Diego



Ride of Neophytes



Map of Camino Real



Last Date Films of San Diego



San Diego as first Station



San Diego as first Station



Last Date Films of San Diego

"LAW" ON THE PECOS.

Judge Roy Bean, justice of the peace in the Lone Star, who is known better as "the law west of the Pecos."

At a Coroner's Inquest on a Mexican who had been found near the Pecos River. The jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. The crowd was dissatisfied when the judge called them back.

"It is another matter to attend to," he said. "On the body was found \$50 and a six-shooter. It is against the laws of Texas to carry concealed weapons. I confiscate the revolver and fine the deceased \$100. In the case are \$49, which just settles his account with the law."

By Cy Warman.

...one independently rich, so that he could pay
...the other independently poor, so that the
...if he came, could find nothing. Yet, in spite of
...one was sad, disappointed and tired, the other
...and full of interest in the great show called

the sleeping camp was startled by the sound of a single factor

A COURT MASCOT

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL PROJECT

Proposals for tunnels have frequently been before the public, and one under the English Channel has often been discussed; in fact, between 1800 and 1870, no fewer than eighteen proposals were put forward—eight from the French side and ten from the English. Since then the subject has often received attention, and in 1876 a memorandum on the basis of a proposed treaty between the two countries was issued. In the same year, boring was commenced near Calais. In 1882, Sir John Wolfesey and other officers expressed their disapproval of such a tunnel, and the work was stopped by the Government. Later on, in 1887, boring was going on, when the Tunnel Bill was rejected by the House of Commons in August of that year. We may get it, but it is evident that it will be some time yet before timorless sailors will be able to make the passage on a rail-
[Household Words.

SERVICES OF THE WORM.

Since Darwin showed how the common garden helped the ground by keeping constantly at work digging it and making it fine, scientists have been studying these lowly creatures with renewed interest. A Swiss naturalist, Prof. Dussere, has been investigating the chemical value of the worms' work, and he has found that after a worm has finished with any particular part of the earth it is far richer in phosphorus and nitrogen than it was before. Thus the worm does contribute as a regular process of nature, what the farmer has to do artificially with chemical compounds. The worm fertilizes and enriches the ground just as the plow does.

AN EYE AHEAD.
 "I be sorry for this some day!" howled the son as his father released him from the position he slipped across the paternal knee.
 "Be sorry? When?"
 "I get to be a man!"
 "I will take revenge by whipping your father when big and strong and I am old and feeble, will any?"
 "I blubbered Johnny, rubbing himself; "but I'll whip grandchildren till they can't rest!"—(Philadelphia Ledger)

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.
A Winkle came down the hill after his twenty
friends and relatives," he inquired, "where
and buried," replied the strangers, as they led
weeping.
the coal strike?" he faltered.
re thinking of arbitration."
g with joy, he realized that one link yet bound
past, and his life was later made happier by
that the original coal strike jokes were still
the public ear.—[New York World

STRANGE FIGURES OF SNOW.

South of the Argentine Museum of La Plata, there has solved an old mystery that has been the story of the Indians of the Southern Cordillera. On the east side of this great chain, the mighty sky-storming mountains, stand massive figures—nieve penitente, the Indians say. They say that these are penitents turned to ice in life who stand with bowed heads expiating crimes and wickednesses by eternal sorrow in the altitudes of Patagonia and the Argentine. He reached the "places of penance" after a journey through the wilderness. He found the looking imposing and striking, indeed. But that they were just ordinary clear ice and that it was through the effect of the sun on the fields of snow.

CHILDREN COMING FOR EDUCATION.
 ren of Mexican parentage are being sent
 tutated in the United States, whereas for-
 sent almost exclusively to Europe. No other
 will do more to cement intimate business
 tions between the two nations.—[Mexican



A Walk Around the Walls of Jerusalem.

THE HILLS ABOUT THE CITY.

PICTURESQUE VIEWS AND PLACES OF MANY SACRED ASSOCIATIONS.

By a Special Contributor.

AMONG the many hills and undulations around Jerusalem the most beautiful is the Mount of Olives, named by the Arabs "Gebel El Tur"—the Mount of the Bull—because of its peculiarity in towering above the surrounding country. Unlike most of the other hills of Jerusalem, which are barren and rocky, the Mount of Olives is covered with deep green olive trees, and has buildings dotted here and there on its incline as well as on its summit. It rises abruptly outside the walls of Jerusalem and is only separated from the city by the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

It is from the top of this mount that, looking westward, one has the most magnificent view of the Holy City, as it lies like a map before one, and looking eastward, of the undulating country leading down over many hills and valleys to the lands of Moab and of Edom; and of the white road to Jericho winding in and out among these hills—bare, rocky hills, with no signs of cultivation, no green leaves to relieve the monotony of the landscape. Just here and there we perceive the shadow of a little village, composed of mud huts, built on the rocky hillsides, unsheltered from the sun's strong rays by shade or tree or bush, or a dark shadow in the

valley caused by the somber tents of a Bedouin encampment.

A Beautiful View.

In the distance, against the horizon are the Mountains of Moab, which at sunset are illumined by such superb shades and tints of purple and crimson. At the foot of them lies the calm Dead Sea, and one can even distinguish the depression of the Valley of the Jordan, which is hedged in by trees and shrubs, and here and there one can perceive the river, like a silver thread passing between the thick shrubbery. On a clear, moonlight night the view is wonderfully beautiful. The white city, lying at one's feet in the stillness of night, on one side, and on the other the long stretch of valleys which form the wilderness of Judea, where Christ fasted, and beyond in the far distance, shimmering like a calm silver expanse, the Dead Sea, above which the dark mountains rise grandly and solemnly, seeming almost to come up straight from the water, and extending in a very regular line against the horizon. The atmosphere of the Orient has a most deceptive trait of making distant views appear quite near, so that overlooking the long wastes of plain which continue for miles between Olivet and the Dead Sea, the sparkling water lying on the borders of Moab seems remarkably near. The same effect is realized by gazing at the brilliant sky at night. The stars seem so much brighter and nearer in Palestine than they do in Occidental lands.

Another peculiar feature is that sound is carried such

great distances, and it is curious to hear from a village on one hill crying out to those in the opposite village across the valley. Their voices are carried over the valleys and reach over the hills for miles. Arabs living in these mountains have an acute vision, keen sight, as well as acute hearing, and they see persons and animals on the hills at a great distance.

The Picturesque Holy City.

Looking down from Olivet onto Jerusalem, the quaint and the picturesque are visible in the city and silent city stretched out before one in its grandeur. Its dirty roads and shabby houses, its mounds of debris, and all its misery and poverty, worst of all, its many sectarian animosities, are seen or felt. At such an hour it is only the city beautiful for its quaint buildings, and its location, interesting for its unique historical memory, and dear to us for its biblical memories. We know that it is the "City of the Great King"—where He and where He taught and gave His life for the world.

This mount has peculiarly sweet memories for Christians, for from here Christ ascended into heaven, and, according to prophecy, from here He will come again to His own together at the last day.

The Mohammedans have some strange legends in connection with the Mount of Olives. They say that on the last day there will be a silken thread stretched over the valley from the summit of Olivet to the



Tombs of Absalom Zacharias and St. James Jerusalem



The pool of Siloam



The Village of Bethany

October 19, 1902.]

where the Golden Gate, on the wall of the city, over which all the faithful will pass and the wicked will fall into the valley beneath. The solution of this difficult fact for Mohammedans will be that their Prophet will be transformed into a lamb and go across the line and all his worthy followers, in the shape of fleas, will take refuge in his wool and thus be taken across.

Up the Mountain.

The elevation of Olivet is 175 feet above the highest point in Jerusalem, and 2554 feet above the Mediterranean Sea.

The walk to Olivet and on to Bethany takes about an hour, and it is the limit of "a sabbath day's journey." Three roads radiate up its sides. The principal one is the carriage road which leads from the town to the Damascus Gate, on the north, and winds around the city wall, passing the striking knoll called Gordon's Calvary, or "the place of a skull," on account of its skull-like contour. Many Protestants believe it to be the spot on which Christ was crucified. Close beside the hill is the Church of St. Stephen, built by the Franciscans over the site of the martyrdom of Stephen. At the northeast corner of the wall the road turns and comes downward into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the view which is suddenly brought before one is very beautiful. The Mount of Olives stands out majestically across the deep ravine. To its left and joined to it is Mount Sion, of a lesser elevation and a great contrast to it. For its sides are rocky wastes, with no signs of habitation, but for the one large building on the summit, enclosed by high walls, which is owned by an English lawyer, who chooses that spot as his abode during summer.

When, on Mount Sion, Titus encamped his army, and has here looked upon the city of his desire. Below the summit a valley spreads out, covered with olive trees. This is a quiet ruin which shows signs of having served as an oil press in days gone by. Numerous flocks of black goats are brought to this plain to pasture. Above the walls of the city and above the level of the sea are numbers of Mohammedan graves. They are marked with an elevation of stone two feet high, surmounted by a "tarbouche"—native red cap—either in stone or brick. No names nor dates are to be seen on these tombs. The lamps hanging from these graves are kept constantly alight, by devoted relatives, to guide the departed spirits in their wanderings. Food is also brought up to be left for them. Once a year the Mohammedans spend the day walling piteously over these tombs. On the valley on the opposite side are Jewish graves, scattered along the base of the Mount of Olives. They are covered with plain stone slabs and Hebrew inscriptions.

Lepers.

Along the small archway over the valley one meets a crowd of lepers, at the foot of the mount. Lepers in all parts of the consuming disease are here seated in the shade of the road. Stretching out their wasted limbs, they beg of the passers-by, in their fingerless hands, to drop a coin into which they hope coins or silver will be dropped. Their clamorous cries, as one passes by, are heartrending and one is compelled to give them some help, to which they answer, "May your days be lengthened." "May the light of day never be extinguished." Yet these poor creatures belong to a beautiful home provided for them by Miravians, in Jerusalem, where they can have any comfort, but they prefer their liberty and the income which comes to them thus during the tourist season. As they are allowed to intermarry, the disease is not contagious.

The Chapel of the Virgin is situated below the mount, near the traditional tomb of the Virgin. It is a small and the entrance leads down by forty-seven steps into a darkened chapel, built by order of the Emperor Constantine, within a cave hewn in a rock. It is lit by lamps and numerous gilded lamps, which hang below glittering altars, covered with images, and set with jewels. We are told that here are the bones of Joachim and Anna, parents of the Virgin, and also that of Joseph. Just outside the church is a spot where, the monks tell us, the Virgin once appeared to her girl and left its impress on the rock. The feast day of St. Mary is an occasion of general rejoicing, when all the native Christians camp out in the Valley of Olivet and on the slopes of Olivet for a day or two.

The ascent to the mount is quite steep. A little higher up the hill is located the Garden of Gethsemane. It is a small and cultivated it so that it has the appearance of a garden, which is rather disappointing to those who have ideas of that sacred and tragic spot. There are eight undoubtedly very ancient olive trees in this enclosure. Their hollow trunks are filled with water, and the roots are terraced with them. The garden is a place of great stillness which is a contrast to the noise and the sight of these ancient trees with solemnity and reverence. There really stood there in Christ's days and the small enclosure shows the exact location of the garden we cannot know. But it is exceedingly important to see these ancient trees and to believe that if they were somewhere not far off Christ drank the wine for humanity.

Of the Cross.

In the garden the Latins have placed some crosses. Here they hold solemn services, and in procession and chanting from station to station. The most beautiful thing in the garden, often not noticed by visitors, as it stands back in a recess in the wall, is a large bas-relief in marble, depicting in life-size the garden and an angel bending over the tomb. On visitors paying a slight fee for the privilege of seeing this sacred garden, the monks in the monastery give them some exquisite flowers to take away from the site. The Greeks have another cross not far off which they have named Gethsemane, as they will not worship in a site belonging to the Latins, so bitter is their animosity.

At the hill is a church, which is recognizable

as being Russian by its likeness to the buildings in Moscow, with their numerous small cupolas. The church is named after the three Marys, and its special interest is centered in some beautiful paintings on the ceilings and walls of the different Marys as we read of them in the Gospels. They are certainly works of art.

As the road leads nearer to the top of the hill, it becomes still steeper, and here and there the ascent is formed of rude stony steps, much worn through the tread of pilgrims during many ages. The little village of El Tur, which crowns the mount, is inhabited entirely by Mohammedans, with the exception of two missionary ladies. In the distance it looks very picturesque with its minaret surrounded by olive trees. There is a building here which was erected by the Princess Latour d'Auvergne, on the traditional site of our Lord's teaching His disciples to pray. It contains a court where there are thirty-two tablets with the Lord's prayer written in as many languages. The Princess had her tomb built here also. There is a nunnery adjoining the church where ladies of nobility spend their lives in seclusion and in prayer. There is a church standing on the traditional site of Christ's ascent into heaven. Some early Christians, in writing of this site, have mentioned a rock where the impress of the Lord's feet could be seen. They also mentioned a church which stood on the spot where His tears fell as He wept over Jerusalem!

The Village of Bethany.

On the opposite descent of the mount is the quaint little village of Bethany, of sweet memories. It is called by the Arabs "El Lazariah," after Lazarus, whom they say was the Sheikh of the village. Here also the inhabitants are all Mohammedans, except for one missionary lady, who spends her days ministering to them. The irregularly-built houses interspersed among the olive trees are built of white stone with flat roofs and unglazed windows. Here and there some antique stones of historical interest stand out among the rude masonry of the poorly-built modern huts. This village, though inhabited by dirty and indolent natives, makes an exceedingly picturesque impression situated as it is on the hill side with the houses rising above one another among the trees.

As one approaches the village twenty or thirty half-nude urchins run up to one and beg clamorously for "baksheesh." Then they volunteer to lead one to the tomb of Lazarus. With the aid of lighted tapers one descends a flight of twenty-five slippery stone steps which brings the visitor into a small chamber in a vault. There is nothing to prove that this curious cave ever served as a grave for the Lazarus of the gospel. They next show one the remains of the house of Simon the leper. We are told that formerly there were three churches in Bethany. One stood over the tomb of Lazarus, one over Simon, the tanner's house, and another on the site of the home of Mary and Martha. The only remains of any antiquity to be seen now are some ruins of a convent tower founded in the twelfth century by Melisinda, Queen of Jerusalem. These ruins stand above the village and add to its pictorial appearance. From this village we take the carriage road, one of the few in Jerusalem, called the Jericho road, and wind around the hill back to the city. This road from Jerusalem to Bethany is probably the one which Christ trod so frequently as He went to Bethany when weary with many cares and distressed with the hardness of heart of His people, and where He always found sweet repose in explaining to Martha and Mary the things pertaining to God's kingdom.

At the southern corner the road suddenly sweeps around and brings the city into full view. This is generally considered the most probable spot from whence Christ overlooked Jerusalem and wept over it because He foresaw its destruction and He bewailed the unbelief of His people, who would not come to Him.

Winding around the mount one sees many a long string of camels, led by dark Bedouins of the desert, seated sideways on their immense saddles and singing lustily.

Noted Sepulchers.

Returning into the valley again one is attracted by some peculiar-looking buildings. These are the sepulchers of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, St. James and Zacharias. The Jews claim that this tomb of Absalom is the "pillar" which he built for himself. It is forty feet in height and is hewn out of the rock. On entering one finds that it is full of stones, for the Jews still keep up the custom of throwing stones at it in remembrance of his shameful behavior to his father. St. James' tomb is a cave in the rock, at the entrance of which is a portal with two Doric columns, and within the chambers are niches for the dead. The Latins tell us that St. James remained here fasting, according to a vow, during the three days of Christ's passion, till the Lord appeared to him. The tomb of Zacharias is twenty or thirty feet high, cut out of solid rock, with a pyramid-shaped top.

Following down the valley one reaches the pool of Siloam beneath the little village which is on the hillside. To this pool women bring their clothes to be washed and men lead the cattle to drink. Siloam, of poetic renown, is but a village of houses built on to the caves and rocks. It is situated in a locality which is full of tombs and caves, and these are inhabited chiefly by the lepers who congregate in this district, others are used as ovens or sheepcotes. The three rows of houses are built above each other, the roofs forming streets for the tiers above.

Here, under the steep precipice of Mt. Moriah, which is crowned by the temple, are the "King's Gardens," supposed to have been those of Solomon, now used as farmer's lots and irrigated by the reservoir of Siloam. Up these slopes one meets many a peasant woman gracefully gliding by carrying her basket of vegetables on her head or her bundles of washing. Her feet are bare, and yet she treads the rocky, stony paths with greatest ease and grace. As these women and girls wind their way home to their own village they walk in groups of six or eight, singing some quaint lullabies to their sleeping infants, swinging on their backs, or some Arabian love song to one of their number who will

soon be a bride, their cheerful voices, though not musical according to our ideas of harmony, have a quaintness and a happy ring that is refreshing. For these women having few possessions and few wishes know a happiness and an absence of care that many westerners would find realize. Beyond the "King's Gardens" is the hill of Aceldama or of "Evil counsel"—"the field of blood"—which was bought with Judas's price of blood. Some of the earth from here was taken to Rome by order of St. Helena, who claimed that bodies buried in this earth were consumed very rapidly. It is said that on this hill Pompey encamped before attacking the city. This is also supposed to be the hill on which Solomon built altars for strange gods, in the days when his heart wandered from God and he married heathen wives. According to a curious tradition, he kept these wives in the city of Siloam. At sunset many a shepherd hurries through the valley, leading his flock home to his village before darkness envelopes the land. For night follows very swiftly upon sunset in the Orient and the twilight is exceedingly brief.

The Valley of Tophet.

At the foot of Aceldama is the valley of Gehinnom, or Tophet—Hell—so called because here Moloch, the idol, stood and human beings were sacrificed in its burning brazen arms. The prophets predicted that this valley should be called the Valley of Slaughter, and today it is covered with tombs. One portion of it is used as a cattle market, and on Fridays it is a curious spectacle, filled with peasants and Sheikhs from every village and animals of all kinds which are bargained for at great length.

This terminates the walk around the walls of Jerusalem and brings us to the Jaffa gate, where all the business of the town is centered. Here again we find ourselves in the midst of modern buildings and face to face with Americans and Europeans, and we seem to have passed over from the beautiful Jerusalem of antiquity, and of thrilling historical interest to the city of "El Kuds," possessed by a despotic and indolent Sultan who cares neither for what is beautiful nor for what is just and whose subjects are of the same mind, sitting "at the gate of the city" sipping coffee and smoking in absolute laziness or bargaining and cheating one another or, better still, the poor foreigners.

KING AND ARTIST.

The raconteur of the academy is George H. Boughton, a favorite with King Edward VII, and, as one of the council, was appointed to entertain him at tea on a certain afternoon during a view when the galleries were closed for the visit of the royalty. At such times the King, when Prince of Wales, came quite informally at three o'clock. He liked to take a catalogue and go about alone, smoking a big cigar and forming his own opinion, calling for the president only when he desired to question him regarding some especial picture. On this particular day Mr. Boughton's canvas on "The Edict of William the Testy," now hung in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, was one of his academy exhibits. Looking at him smilingly through a cloud of tobacco smoke the King said: "But he could never have given his edict without that pipe first, now could he?" Then he spoke of the possible suggestion of the subject by Washington Irving, an author near to Boughton who as a boy and young man lived at Albany and knew the banks of the Hudson through the lasting affection inspired by youthful association. He, Sir Alma Tadema, and Onslow Ford were detailed to entertain the King presently at tea, Lord Leighton attending the Queen, then Princess of Wales. During the course of it Mr. Boughton told one of his American stories. The next Monday evening the academy dinner took place. The distinguished company lined either side of the broad stairway at Burlington House as the King passed up. Mr. Boughton stood behind a group in the last row. Just as the King was ceremoniously acknowledging the bow of the Archbishop of Canterbury he spied the painter and his face broke into smiles. "I say, Boughton," he said, holding out his hand frankly, "that was a good story, you told the other afternoon."

Remembering the boon that had helped William the Testy out of his difficulties, Mr. Boughton had seen that a stock of cigars, not hitherto a feature of these academy functions, was provided. After the health of the Queen was drunk and the speeches were about beginning the King said wistfully: "If I could only smoke." In an instant cigars were at hand and as the first silvery ring rested on the air he pronounced it "a splendid scheme." His words were received with tingling applause and after that not a speech but held close attention. From this incident, directly due to the picture of William the Testy and his comforting pipe, arose a custom now observed wherever the British flag floats; after the royal health has been drunk comes the words, "Gentlemen, you may smoke."—[William Armstrong, in *Era Magazine*.

TO ONE IN PAIN.

O sinking heart, O soul in passing pain,
Regain thy courage, from despair refrain.
Thy anguish is but passing, the horrid grasp
Which shakes thy life, thy strength, will soon unclasp.

Let not this trial lack of courage find,
Thy flesh is all controlled by thy mind,
And if thou'lt think that from distress thou'rt free
To meet the test, far more prepared thou'lt be.

Be brave, lift up thy heart—thy weeping eyes;
And send a prayer for comfort to the skies;
And thy poor, racked body will regain
A peace which thou may'st elsewhere seek in vain.

EDITH JAMISON LOWE.

THE BARE BEAR.

Said a seal, who immodestly hates,
To a polar bear, one of her mates,
"Your necktie pray wear,
For I simply can't bear
A bare bear, his bar-bear-ity grates."
—[C. G. Fish, in *Leslie's Monthly*.

THE MILITARY BAND.

ITS EVOLUTION AND ITS INSTRUMENTATION AT THE PRESENT DAY.

By a Special Contributor.

THE early history of music is vague and indefinite, but music has existed from time immemorial, and the origin of military music takes us back to the most remote antiquity. Every nation in olden times had its peculiar instruments of music and its national songs. The Romans took cities to the sound of the trumpet and the horn; the Egyptians, Arabians and ancient Germans met in combat to the music of the flute, the drum, the cymbal and the clarion; while the Chinese war music employed bells and triangles. Instruments of percussion, such as drums, cymbals, etc., which were doubtless taken from the clapping of hands, are the oldest. Wind instruments, said to be suggested by the blowing of the wind through reeds and bushes, came next in civilization, and, lastly, the string instruments, which are comparatively modern inventions.

The drum seems to have been employed in all kinds of primitive music, and was familiar in the East from the remotest ages, when savage tribes used them in their religious rites. In ancient times each instrument had its peculiar distinction or intention. With the Romans the cornet called the time of decampment; the bugle announced the coming of the general; the trumpet indicated the assembling of the troops, and the horn sounded the signal of retreat. The Hebrews also employed military music from an early date, and the Bible refers to the cornet, flute, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer. The cornet of biblical times was nothing like the modern instrument of the same name, but was fashioned with a curved tube about three feet long, increasing in diameter. The sackbut was the predecessor of the modern trombone, which it somewhat resembled.

First Army Bands.

After the fall of the Roman Empire military music seemed to lapse and it was not until about the middle of the fourteenth century that it was recovered among the Italians and soon extended itself among the other nations of Europe. At the end of the fifteenth century they began to use regular bands of music in the army. In 1535 the Swiss introduced into France the fife, which served to accompany the drums, and this instrument has retained its place in military music to the present day. In the seventeenth century the Germans evolved the hautboy from the ancient cornet. From Hungary came the kettledrum and the bassoon; the modern horn from Hanover and the cymbals and big drum from Turkey. The adoption of the cymbals, bass drum and kettledrums at one time gave the name of Turkish music to military music.

The combination of these instruments with the trumpet constituted, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, practically the entire scheme of military music. The clarinet, which was invented by Johann Christoph Denner of Nuremberg in 1690, was not received into the military band until 1755, having been followed by the serpent, the triangle (which was the cymbal of the Middle Ages) and the trombone. During the reign of Louis XIV of France military bands were regularly organized and appointed to each regiment in the French army, and Frederick the Great also took a lively interest in military music. It is related that the band of the Coldstream Guards of the British household troops, in 1783 consisted of "twenty-four men and three negroes, with tambourines and crescents."

Last Century Development.

It is only since the beginning of the last century that military music has been truly developed. The introduction of many improvements in the manufacture of instruments and the invention of various new instruments made a revolution in the military harmony by augmenting the resources and adding power of effect to the wind band. To Adolph Sax, a Frenchman, and William Wieprecht, a German, more than to any other men, is due the credit for the development of the military band. Sax and his father are largely responsible for the introduction of valves in wind instruments and they also invented a number of improved methods of making clarinets. Adolph Sax invented several entire families of brass instruments, such as the saxhorns and saxophones. The saxhorns, including the alto and baritone, the euphonium and bombardon, added greatly to the compass, richness and flexibility of the military brass and reed bands. The saxophones are of great value in military combinations, as they reproduce on a magnified scale the 'cello quality of tone and give great sustaining power to the full chorus of brass instruments. To William Wieprecht is due the evolution of the serpent and the ophicleide into the modern tuba.

Military music having attained a high state of excellence, it began to develop along the lines of concert music, which necessitated a rearrangement of the instrumentation of the military band for concert purposes. It has been conceded at home and abroad that the great band which John Philip Sousa has so ably conducted for the last ten years, must be accepted as the ideal wind orchestra, on account of the richness and variety of its tone colors and the artistic nuances of which it is capable, and it is therefore interesting to note the instrumentation employed by Mr. Sousa. This arrangement of his forces is modeled on the orchestral formation, the great body of Bb clarinets taking the place of the first and second violins and violas of the string band. The instrumentation of the Sousa band includes Bb clarinets, Eb clarinets, alto and bass clarinets, flutes and piccolos, oboes, English horn, bassoons, sarrusophone, saxophones, cornets, trumpets, fluegelhorn, euphoniums, trombones, French horns, tubas or basses, and the usual drums. Many of these instruments are of strange shape and their purpose and use are unfamiliar to most lovers of band music.

The Reed Instruments.

The various reed instruments extend, like the strings,

over the whole compass of the orchestra. The clarinets and saxophones are played with a single reed, while the oboes, bassoons, etc., employ a double reed. No other wind instrument possesses in the same degree as the clarinet the power of graduating its tone. Any nuance from double forte to double piano is possible upon it and for this reason the clarinet is the most valuable member of the wind orchestral force. The tone of the clarinet blends excellently with all other wind instruments. The Bb clarinet is the principal member of the reed family in the military concert band, while the Eb clarinet is used almost exclusively in the military instrumentation. The alto clarinet is a perfect fifth below the Bb, while the last member of the clarinet family, the bass clarinet, is an octave in pitch below the ordinary Bb. The great feature of the bass clarinet in its rich lower register, and in sustained melody or for holding notes in the lower parts of the harmony it is of admirable effect.

Of all existing wind instruments the flute is probably the oldest. It is one of the most important of the woodwind group of instruments, and, being the most acute of

extremely penetrating and of a reedy quality, has been likened to a silver thread in the composition. The oboe is essentially an expressive and melodic instrument. The English horn is not, as its name would imply, at all, but a large-sized oboe, the alto, in fact, and its tone has a peculiarly plaintive and somber character that no other instrument can give. The English horn is used with great effect in the "William Tell" overture, and in Sousa's "Three Cheers" example.

The bassoon is the bass of the oboe family and, to its extensive compass, which exceeds that of any other wind instrument except the clarinet, it is capable of the most varied employment. The lower register of this instrument has some affinity to the 'cello, the most expressive part of the orchestra, lying in the tenor octave. The bassoon is sometimes called the comedian of the orchestra. The contrabassoon, which is not to be found in any other band than in this country, is of French invention and is pitched a brass contra-bassoon. It is in pitch an octave below



BAND INSTRUMENTS.

(No. 1.) This is the English horn whose whining voice is often heard in the "William Tell" overture. Strange to say, it is not a horn at all, but in reality an alto oboe. (No. 2.) This remarkable-looking instrument is called the "sarrusophone" and is a French invention. Sousa's Band employs the only one in this country. (No. 3.) The double-bell euphonium. It has two mouths and two valves, and the performer can shift the instrument from a baritone to a trombone at will. (No. 4.) A quartette of saxophones. They are the 'cellos of the military band. German and English bands do not employ saxophones, while the American bands do.

all, it takes the upper part. As a solo instrument or in quasi-solo effects it is heard to the best advantage, the tone being particularly soft, sweet and agreeable. On account of the facility of fingering almost any passages are possible on the flute, which has more agility than any other wind instrument. The piccolo is a small flute, an octave higher in pitch than the ordinary flute, which it closely resembles, and on account of the piercing quality of tone the piccolo is very valuable in the military combination. Florid passages, rapid staccato, etc., are just as practicable and effective on the piccolo as on the flute.

The saxophone, although always made of brass, is reckoned among the reed and not the brass instruments. This instrument is practically the 'cello of the wind orchestra. Mr. Sousa employs four saxophones, two allos, one tenor and on baritone. The saxophone is not to be found in either the German or the English military bands, despite its many excellencies.

The Wood Instruments.

Of the family of wood instruments played with a double reed, the oboe is the treble. The lower notes of the oboe have a somewhat harsh quality that is excellent for certain artistic effects, but the best part of the instrument is in the medium register, where the tone is

the ordinary bassoon, to which it bears the relation that the string double bass does to the violin. The sarrusophone gives great sustaining power to the register of the band.

Instruments of Brass.

Passing to the brass instruments we find the cornet-piston, usually simply called the cornet, the most important in this section of the military band. Owing to the facility of the production of the cornet is capable of greater execution than any other brass instrument, and is usually allotted to the melody and brilliant solo passages. The trumpet has been largely replaced in modern instrumentation by the more easily-played cornet, has a powerful brilliant tone and adds beauty to the brass ensemble. The fluegelhorn is the contralto voice of the brass and is distinguished for its broad singing tone.

Under Mr. Sousa the trombone has become an important instrument in the military band, probably the most difficult to play of all the instruments, as the intonation of the trombone depends entirely upon the performer. His hands, lips and must work perfectly together, for if the intonation is false. The tenor, alto and bass

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BOTANY BAY.

A PLACE OF HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC INTEREST IN AUSTRALIA.

From a Special Correspondent.

BOTANY BAY (N. S. W.) Sept. 18.—Botany Bay, concerning the locality and characteristics of which such numerous misconceptions exist, is a shallow harbor, some five miles in length and six miles in width, lying about fourteen miles from Sydney, with which it has recently been connected by tramway, at the opening of which the State Premier, Sir John See, said the shores of the harbor formed the classic ground of Australia. It was at La Perouse, on the northern shore, and at Kurnell, on the opposite side, that two of the most notable events in the early history of Australia took place. On April 28, 1770, Capt. Cook entered the bay, and cast anchor. The natives, who seemed to have been a manly race, were disposed to resent the intrusion of the great navigator into their quiet haven, and threatened to oppose his landing, being, unlike other savage people under similar circumstances, neither excited by the appearance of the great ship, nor terrified by the superior numbers of the strangers. Capt. Cook examined the bay very carefully in the ship's pinnace, and landed several times, and his company were therefore the first Europeans to tread on the Pacific coast of the Australian continent. Before leaving the bay he performed the interesting ceremony of hoisting the Union Jack—first on the southern shore and again near the North Head—and took possession of the newly-discovered territory in the name and on behalf of the British crown.

During Cook's stay his crew had to perform the sad duty of burying a comrade named Forby Sutherland, who was in all probability the first British subject whose body was committed to Australian soil. The parish of Sutherland, which skirts the southern shores of the bay, rescues from oblivion the name of the sailor, and the two rivers—Cook and George—running into the bay commemorate the captain of the ship and King in whose service he sailed.

Capt. Cook was greatly taken with the possibilities of the shores of the bay as a place for settlement, and the botanists of the expedition were extremely gratified at the large variety of new plants they obtained, and the satisfaction of all parties was expressed by the name with which the bay was formally invested. The favorable report which Capt. Cook made of the bay when he reached England directed attention to the possibility of founding a settlement in Australia, and when, some seventeen years later, it was decided to establish a colony, it was to Botany Bay that the fleet was ordered to proceed. The proximity of Botany to Port Jackson, now better known as Sydney Harbor, destroyed its chance of being the first place of settlement, for Capt. Phillip, when he had examined Port Jackson, could no longer doubt which was the more suitable site.

It was while Capt. Phillip's vessels were in the bay that an event happened which led to the name of La Perouse being given to a spot on the northern shore. The French government had fitted out an expedition in the interests of science and geographical discovery, and had given the command of the two ships forming the expedition to Count de la Perouse. According to the law of nations vessels equipped in the interests of discovery are exempt from interference, even by the warships of a hostile power, and though France and England had been recently in arms against one another, and were again on the verge of war, Capt. Phillip received with every courtesy the members of the French expedition and its distinguished commander. It is possible the French might have had ulterior designs on Australia; they had recently lost Canada to Great Britain, and the dreams of an Indian empire, so long indulged in by the kings of France, was dissipated by the victories of Clive and his successors, and perhaps if Capt. Phillip had not already been in possession the French might have claimed this portion of the continent as their own. However this may be, the territory was actually in the possession of the British, and La Perouse was fittingly entertained, and departed, unfortunately, to find an untimely end on the reefs of the New Hebrides.

While in Botany Bay the French lost a very distinguished member, Father Le Receveur, chaplain of the expedition, and a man of distinguished scientific attainments. Father Le Receveur was a member of the Franciscan Order, a community which has a branch settled at Waverley, a Sydney suburb. The French buried their chaplain at La Perouse, and later on, when the government of King Charles X dispatched an expedition to search for the missing navigator, that expedition visited Sydney and made a pilgrimage to the place, and, with the consent of the New South Wales government, erected a monument which commemorates the death of the chaplain and the visit of their distinguished countrymen to the shores of Botany Bay. The fate of La Perouse and his companions long remained a mystery. Like the ill-fated Leichhardt, most contradictory stories were in circulation as to his ultimate end, and tales of his having visited various islands and ports separated by long stretches of ocean were current among mariners. It was not until 1836 that there was authentic information. In that year Capt. Peter Dillon, who was visiting the island of Vanikoro in the New Hebrides, brought away with him relics which, after thirty-eight years of uncertainty, forever set at rest any doubts that existed of the gallant explorer's fate. A large portion of the shores remain in their primeval condition, but it is anticipated that the opening of the tramway will facilitate not only the progress of settlement, but also the establishment of large manufacturing industries, especially as areas have been reserved, under the Working Men's Blocks Act, to enable the poorer classes of the community to remove from the more densely-populated portions of Sydney to a healthier atmosphere, where their children may enjoy something of the freedom of open-air life under satisfactory conditions, and where the breadwinners will not be so far distant from their occupations that they may not readily be reached.

JOHN PLUMMER.

SOME CURIOUS SCHOOLS.

PARISIANS TAUGHT BRITISH BROGUE—COLLEGE TO TEACH GIRLS TO PLAY GAMES.

[Tit-Bits:] Perhaps the most curious seminary in the whole wide world is that recently unearthed by the Paris Figaro.

It is, broadly speaking, a night school at which young French shop assistants are taught British manners and the art of speaking French like Englishmen.

The Parisians, it is averred, like to be served with their hats, ties, boots, gloves, etc., by Englishmen and in English shops, and some firms accordingly require their employees to comport themselves as Englishmen; hence the reason for the existence of the extraordinary "academy" in question.

Schools for waiters are not uncommon on the continent. Perhaps the two best known are those at Dresden and Frankfurt, respectively, each of which has, on an average, forty pupils in residence. The course of instruction embraces the English, French and German languages, and also the duties of a waiter, which latter includes work in the cellars, kitchens, waiting at table, serving, carrying, folding serviettes, and how to show customers to their seats. The fees charged are about £10 per month, and include tuition book, food and lodging. Englishmen have found out the value of such training, and last year—according to Mr. Steel, the president of the Hotel Employers' Association—no fewer than eight of them "graduated" at one or other of the two establishments in question.

On the breezy heights of Dartford Heath, Kent, there exists a college wherein girls are taught, not to work, but to play, the object being, of course, to produce, as near as may be, physically perfect women. All sorts of games are included in the curriculum, but prominence is given to those which—like hockey, cricket, etc.—exact from their devotees the greatest amount of hard muscle-producing exercise. The college course lasts two years, during which period the students spend practically the whole of their waking hours in the open air, go bareheaded in all weathers, and are clothed in the loosest and easiest of costumes.

A school devoted to instructing Private Thomas Atkins in the theory and practice of the gentle art of destroying his enemies wholesale by means of mines charged with lyddite, dynamite, and other similar "high explosives" exists at the Royal Engineer Barracks, Chatham. Here are to be seen specimens of every variety of marine or land torpedo used in modern warfare, as well as fuses and detonators of all descriptions.

There is also a collection of models of partially-blown-up bridges, forts, railway tunnels, etc., beautifully constructed to scale; while in another department the pupil is shown the same bridges, etc., temporarily repaired by means of rope, telegraph wire, the newly-felled trunks of trees, and other similar makeshifts. Civilian, it may be mentioned, are rarely accorded permission to visit this unique school, nor is it even open to soldiers in uniform, unless they happen to be undergoing instruction in either land or submarine mining.

GOOD JUDGE OF CHINA.

There is a lady in this city, who is a popular member of the American colony, and who has always taken a leading share in the affairs of social life. In addition, it may be mentioned that she is an accurate judge of the value of old china.

A few months ago she made a casual visit to one of the stores where such treasures are kept for sale.

She saw a handsome set of rare ware, and asked the price of it, which was named at \$250. The lady did not hesitate, after careful inspection, and finding that the various pieces were without flaw, she ordered the set to be sent to her house, and paid for the same.

The china has since been greatly admired; indeed, it has become famous, for within a few weeks the firm which sold the china received an order for a duplicate set, and the buyer named such a liberal price that the original vender sent a message to the lady who had made the purchase, offering her \$3000 for the set.

It is almost needless to state that the offer was refused.—[Mexican Herald.]

HOW TO BREATHE.

Every man or woman in America, instead of breathing a pint of air or less at every breath, can just as easily have a quart.

The price is the same, there is plenty of it, of excellent quality.

If each were paid a cent for each such breath, they would soon find that they did not forget to take them; that it is not only easy to do, but that a new buoyancy and a sense of strength, and a consciousness of not tiring half as easy as formerly have come and seem to stay.

That fuller breathing is purifying the blood, making the heart do better work, indeed, is helping every organ in all that it has to do.—[Carlisle Red Man and Helper.]

[Under 12, 1902.]

employed in modern military concert bands. The tone of the trombone is very broad and dignified, with a somewhat dragging quality.

The euphonium is a tuba, an octave below the cornet and in unison with the tenor trombone. The modern double-bell euphonium has a double set of valves by which the tone may be shifted from the baritone to the euphonium quality at will.

The French horn is a valuable and important instrument in the military concert band, as it carries the melody. The tone of the French horn is one of the most expressive, and perhaps the most poetic and romantic of all the military band. Though sometimes used for hunting calls, etc., it is far better adapted for dreamy and melancholy passages. It is an extremely difficult instrument to play.

The tuba is the bass instrument of the military band, its tone being in pitch an octave below the euphonium. Its tone is rich and full and blends well with the other brass instruments. It has an extensive range and can be played with great facility. The tuba double in octaves with the euphoniums with great effect, performing the same combination for the brass as the double bass and cello do for the strings. The euphonium is a BBb tuba of modified helicon shape. The euphonium tuba is an evolution from the serpent, which was the bass instrument of the ancient cornet, and the euphonium, which was a bass bugle. Both of these instruments are now practically obsolete.

The euphonium instruments of the military band include the euphonium, or tympani, the bass drum, the snare drum, the tambourine, triangle, bells and cymbals. The euphonium possess one great advantage over all other instruments of their class in that they are capable of producing a distinct musical note, while all other instruments produce only noise.

GEORGE FREDERIC HINTON.

SPORTING SEASON IN SCOTLAND.

GROUSE SAY RENTS HAVE BEEN DOUBLED AND EVEN TREBLED.

[Sporter's Weekly:] The sporting season in Scotland, which is roughly speaking, August, September and October, is attracting more and more sportsmen every year. In consequence of this increase the demand for such sporting centers becomes keener and keener. A grouse moor is booked very soon after the first of June, it is nearly impossible to get it at any time enough if he attended to the negotiations in April or May, but now the best moors are booked long in advance, and even the moderate ones are eagerly booked for the ensuing season in October, November or January.

Sportsmen who have been in the habit of going to Scotland for many years naturally grumble very much at the rents being doubled and trebled, but their grumbles are only by the owners of the moors by the retort that it is worth just what you can get for it.

The shooting lodges of Scotland vary a good deal in size. Some of the so-called lodges are not much more than cottages, while others can only be described as palaces. The rents vary according to the sort of moor the locality in which it is situated, and, above all, according to the quality and the quantity of the sport to be obtained.

In the moorlands—three months, generally speaking—the rent may be anything between £10,000 and £200,000. The cheaper places are usually in a low-lying part of the moor, where grouse are scarce and only small numbers can be secured. The high-rented places boast of large numbers of game in great profusion; deer stalking, bagging, beautiful scenery, a large and up-to-date lodge or mansion fitted up with electric light and every modern convenience.

These fine grouse was reckoned to be worth a sovereign, so that a moor with a decent lodge which would be rented at £1000 for the season. In some places, however, a moor of this class might fetch £2500. When salmon is to be had as well as grouse, the rent is considerably higher, in fact, any fancy price is obtained in these days of big incomes.

Men who are employed by the sportsmen vary a good deal according to the locality. In some parts it is possible to get beaters for a day with dinner. In other places which are more remote, and where beaters are consequently more scarce, as much as £5 a day, with dinner and whisky.

Sportsmen who visit Scotland regularly possess their own, but many devotees of the gun are content to hire their four-footed assistants. In various parts of Scotland there are dog owners who make quite a handsome income by laying themselves out to supply sportsmen for the season at a charge of £12 to £15 a week. As every good sportsman knows, much of the enjoyment obtainable on a grouse moor depends on the quality of the dogs. Many men declare that the pleasure of the day's sport is derived from the excellence of the dog's work.

The best moors in Scotland will yield 3000 brace of grouse in a season. Such places are not often in the market. A moor that yields 600 or 800 brace is thought to be a very decent one; the extent of such a moor may be between 5000 and 10,000 acres.

These moors are even more costly than grouse moors. They range from £1200 to £7000 for the season. When salmon fishing and grouse shooting, in addition to deer stalking are available, the rent reaches a very handsome figure. The quality of the stag and the quality of the deer are a great point in calculating the value of the moor.

There are about 150 deer forests in Scotland, which cover an area of 100,000 to 200,000 acres. Stags are shot in some forests during the month of September, but the best months of September, and the first two months of October are the best days of the season. The character of the soil and pasturage has a good

with plain green velvet; if you cannot afford this use denim in rather dark green. Your cot placed in the northwest corner, near your bookcases, of back room, could be covered with the same. However, the oriental cover may be all right if you will emphasize it with some pillows of plain green. Carry the blue of the flowers on your taffeta into plain walls in the southeast room. Hang the windows with full soft curtains of white muslin or net. You could make this room either a dainty reception-room with covers for furniture of blue and white figured chintz or wool tapestry in blue figures. Or, you can use it for a den and lounging room and put one or two mission chairs and a heavy table, a couch with your oriental stuff on it and some red-pillows. A Navajo blanket will look well on the floor if you use this furnishing. A wooden settee or straight-seat with a back to it would be a convenient arrangement for hats, etc., in your living-room if set by the door, which opens into porch. Under the other curtains hang full white net in your living-room, and over the glass of front door hang simply the net. A most attractive feature of this room would be a mirror in an oval frame. It is sometimes easy to obtain old portrait frames of this shape in gilt, and an inexpensive matter to have the mirror put in. A picture or mirror in an oval frame is always a charming feature when hung against striped wall paper. Now for your dining-room. "Cream and green paper, with green painted woodwork," sounds very well, of course, though much depends upon the shade of green. If this is an ugly yellowish green it will be hard for you to make the room attractive. However, fresh white muslin curtains ruffled and caught back will add much to its beauty, and a cover for your table of green denim a shade darker than the walls or woodwork will also improve its appearance. Use a large white doily, either with drawn-work edge or embroidered in green and white, in the center of this denim cover, and on this place a pretty fern dish or a bowl of flowers. Two wide shelves built against your wall and painted like wood

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

He is in the Haystack.

HAVE a queer in America. No doubt you have met him. He lives at Portland, Or.

For the voyagers to the other side of the globe who have not bumped against some such assertion, and then fallen under suspicion of being themselves impostors, comes the provincial mind of the foreigner who cannot realize that the Western Hemisphere is slightly larger than a parish in Kent.

And this spruce of the fact that some years ago a New York man who happens to be a "mighty" before the Lord, journeyed to British Columbia in search of big game. While sojourning at Winnipeg he expressed a desire to bag some caribou, and a friend who knew the country thoroughly advised him to go to Kamloops, a station on a branch of the Northern Pacific.

"There is nothing but a water tank there," said his friend, "and only one man in the whole section, a Scotchman, who looks after the tank; but he is a good fellow, and as he has only one train a day to go to work for he will give you all the sport you want."

The New Yorker went, won the regard of the hermit and then wrote his score.

Last summer he was in Scotland and while roaming over the moors one day lost his way. At length he found a little cottage, and, making for it, inquired for the owner and asked if he could be accommodated with something to eat.

The landlady, a motherly Scotch body, at once set about giving him a "smack" and, like all rustics, during the course of her preparations, deluged him with questions, "Are ye frae America, ye say?" she finally interrupted. "Happen ye ken my son, Sandy McNeill? He's been over there this many a year."

"Think not," replied the visitor, wearily. "You see, I am a very large place. Where does your son live?"

"In Washington water tank," replied the dame.

"Water tank of chance?" An habitue of Fifth avenue made the link of communication between the lonely Scot and her equally lonely son, separated from each other by half the distance around the globe.—[Kansas City Star.]

Dead Game Game.

Things happen in the Register of the Treasury's office as well as elsewhere in the department, said an official of the Bond Department of the Treasury. Speaking of crank letters, I may mention that among cranks or rascals in the country. For every year, at intervals, we receive a package through the express companies billed as containing \$50,000 of United States bonds. On opening the package we find nothing but pieces of old papers carefully put together. Not a single scrap of information is contained in the package that gives the name of the man or anyone about him. All that we know is that he sends the package from different parts of the country each year and collect. The United States never pays any charges on a package of this kind, and, of course, the express companies lose their transportation charges.

Under the agents at the other end accept the package under such conditions. We are undecided whether the sender is a crank or a criminal. I believe it is a criminal and that his game is to send the package and obtain the usual paper from the express company, which is a receipt for a package said to contain bonds. With this receipt the fellow goes and makes a comfortable raise from some one who has imposed upon him. By the time the lender begins to doubt about his money the borrower has gone out of the country and made some alleged heavy investment and will not be back in a few days. Naturally he never goes back.—[Boston Star.]

Wish His Red Tie on.

EDWARD JACOBS of Reading, Pa., who died last week, was buried wearing a red necktie. Around his neck there was a curious story. Mr. Jacobs, one of the leading lawyers of Eastern Pennsylvania, was a red tie for the first time twelve years ago when he was in the hospital. The case seemed to him; every one was sure he would be beaten; but he won. After the verdict one of the opposing counsel said: "Jacobs, that tie of yours hypnotized the jury. You had better wear it hereafter in all your important cases." Mr. Jacobs took his rival's advice. At the subsequent case of moment he wore a flamboyant red tie and it is said that never when he had this tie on did he fail to win. It was in honor of his victory of his, which all his friends knew and re-remembered, that he was buried in a cravat of so brilliant a color. It is not explained whether the thought he would need the lucky color in the case he would plead.—[New York Tribune.]

Long Hands With a Boer.

Long hands have long enjoyed the place of honor as a mark of character. But a better index than the length of the hand is the opinion of Thaddeus S. Graham of Worcester, Mass., who is the handsake. "The handsake, in the first place," he said at the Fifth Avenue yesterday, "is a mark of character—at least, as far as I ever found out. In the old days and in the Homeric days men used to shake hands and usually embrace one another, and this you can see today on the continent of Europe. But now in America the typical shake lasts thirty or forty seconds. In the Orient there is no general handshake, but a deep reverential ceremony, and

often it is merely symbolic, with no clasping of the other fellow's hand at all. But if you want the queer and mysterious handshake go to the Transvaal. If you literally shake a Boer's hand you will offend him beyond recovery. All you can do, if you have any idea of retaining his good graces, is to take his hand in yours, gently and tenderly, as though he had run a splinter into it and you were coaxing him to let you take it out. You press it just the least bit for the merest fraction of a second, as though it was a kodak, you know, and you were snapping his picture with it. And then you drop it. It seems simple enough. But when you have a long ride across the veldt and wish to make a good impression upon a possible host at a farm by a show of honest heartiness, it is dollars to doughnuts you will grasp his hand and shake it like a bottle of medicine. Then he'll look extremely dignified and solemn, and you might as well make up your mind that you are no friend of his, and never will be."—[New York Tribune.]

A Curious Regulation.

THERE is a curious law that is strictly enforced in Sydney and Melbourne. It is an enactment prohibiting the driver of any vehicle from passing any church of any denomination at a faster pace than a walk during the recognized hours for Sunday morning and evening service. The devotions of worshippers are thus undisturbed by needless noise or clutter. At one time Monday morning charges of failure to remember this law were not uncommon and the prescribed fines were imposed, but during recent years cases of this kind have been exceptional and practically confined to uninformed strangers. Local drivers seldom or never offend; and, in fact, the horses, by some mysterious instinct, seem to know when it is church time and "slow down" of their own accord.—[Chicago News.]

A Helpless Giant.

A PECULIAR story is brought by the delayed Australian mails this week. At Warranbool, Victoria, an application for an "old age pension" was made on behalf of a young man named McLean, whose height is 7 feet 4 inches, and his age 24 years. It was stated that owing to a heart weakness this youthful Goliath would never be able to work, and that he had no one to rely on for support. For some time he had been an inmate of the local hospital, where two beds had to be placed together in order to accommodate his recumbent form. It was officially promised that his case would be laid before the ministry.—[London Mail.]

Waited Fifty Years for Her.

MR. and MRS. HIRAM K. JOHNSON are spending their honeymoon at Casenovia, N. Y. They have just been married, the groom waiting fifty years for his bride. Mr. Johnson is 78 years old and Mrs. Johnson is 70.

Fifty years ago Johnson fell in love with pretty Hattie Davis. Both were then living in Syracuse. Johnson resolved to keep his feelings to himself until he was in a position to support a wife. He left for Chicago, where he entered the employ of Field & Letter. They recognized the young man's ability and set him up in business in a small Nebraska town. It was not long before he heard that the girl he loved was married to another. He never married. In the meantime the girl raised a family, lost her husband and settled down to pass the remainder of her days with her children and grandchildren. A short time ago Johnson called at her home. She stepped into the parlor, not recognizing him, and asked:

"Did you wish me?"

"Yes, Hattie, I want you," was the reply.

"It was because he had been so faithful all these long years that I married him," says Mrs. Johnson. "If he had married it would have been different, but he waited so long and patiently I could not refuse him."

The couple are as happy as younger lovers. They are at the Johnson homestead in Casenovia.—[New York Sun.]

Society of the Pistol.

THE Society of the Pistol, founded in France in 1894, has now 325 members. Its object is the cultivation of skill in shooting with the pistol at command and practicing speed with the revolver.

Recently at one of its meetings the society experimented with some curious bullets invented by Dr. Devillers, a well-known fencer.

These bullets differ in one important respect from those generally used for pistols and revolvers. The shells are of the Smith-Wesson pattern, caliber .44. The charge of powder is the same, but the missile instead of lead is made of wax.

Before the shooting with the new bullets began, Dr. Devillers acknowledged that he had originally experienced much difficulty in finding anybody willing to be a "living target." In spite of no risk being involved, everybody appeared to refuse to act. Finally he got the consent of a Paris lawyer, M. Ernest Baviller, to be fired at. As was expected, he passed through the ordeal with flying colors.

After having shot several of the new bullets at pasteboard to give further assurance of the non-penetrability, the members present formed a "pool" for the purpose of drawing lots. In this manner a half dozen couples were chosen to shoot at each other.

The mimic combats were placed thirty yards apart and the "duel" began. It turned out that the shock of the bullet striking its human mark was simply that of a slight blow or pinch.

The different combatants in the first encounters were

fencers' masks and blouses of thick, coarse cloth. At the end of three or four pseudo duels they continued without the masks or blouses, the eyes being protected by strong spectacles.

When the wax bullet struck the breast fairly it generally flattened and fell to the ground, leaving a greasy mark at the point of impact.—[Philadelphia North American.]

Coal Jewelry.

COAL jewelry has arrived at last and the street hawkers are reaping a rich harvest. Over on State street yesterday afternoon the shoppers were startled by the cry, "A black diamond necklace for only a quarter."

Those who stopped saw a hawk bearing his tray. Upon it were strung coils of coal beads. "They're genuine and warranted," was the sign upon the tray. The peddler did a thriving business.

On Clark street another vender was selling scarf pins. "Black diamond pins for a quarter," was the sign which floated from the tray. The anthracite was cut in the shape of a genuine diamond. "It's pure and the color is fast," was the guarantee.

A Madison-street hawkster had breast and hat pins for women.

"You who have money to burn, look," his sign read. "Warranted to last a lifetime. If you're not suited you get your money's worth in heat."

Another hawkster had hat pins for sale and displayed the sign: "The only jewelry known that is useful as well as ornamental."

One of the prominent State-street jewelers is also using a lump of anthracite to advantage. In the center of his display window he has a large solid gold plate. It is heavy and valuable. In the center rests a small piece of coal. Near is a sign which reads:

"The black diamond. It's worth its weight in gold."—[Chicago Chronicle.]

A Happy Bridegroom at 102.

WHAT is probably the most peculiar marriage license ever issued by a State official was prepared by the County Clerk of Gloucester Saturday last. The peculiarity in this instance lies in the extreme age of the contracting parties, the man being 102 years of age and his intended wife 80.

The newly-wedded pair are Solomon Lewis and his wife, both respectable colored people of this county. The ceremony was performed Sunday at New Mount Zion, in the upper part of the county, by the Rev. James Smith, a colored pastor. Solomon was a slave and belonged to the estate of Thomas Faulstich of King and Queen county. His first wife died two years ago, after a married life of seventy years. His grandmother was born aboard a slave ship while crossing to this country from Africa, and lived to be 110 years old. His mother, who died in 1862, was 101. He has a brother now living in Piney Swamp at the great age of 107, whom he remembers as driving beef cattle to Gloucester Point for the American army during the War of 112.

Solomon claims to have been born in November, 1799, and thus was one month old at the death of George Washington. The old man is somewhat bent by age, but with the aid of a stick can walk and carry himself erect as if he were only 21.

The marriage of the aged pair was a matter of great interest to the surrounding county, and was witnessed by a large concourse of white people, as well as a vast crowd of negroes.—[Yorktown (Va.) Correspondence Richmond Dispatch.]

Freak Calf is Half Deer.

A FREAK born at the Wethersfield Town Farm has attracted farmers from all the surrounding towns. The animal is part calf and part deer, the dam being a two-year-old Durham heifer, kept in a pasture frequently visited by a large buck deer.

The offspring, when only a few months old, was put in an inclosure with an ordinary calf, and immediately there was a commotion, the freak almost killing the calf.

It was then put in with a cow, and gave that animal a lively fight. Its antics strongly resemble those of a frightened deer.

T. Nelson, the keeper of the farm, became somewhat afraid of the freak, and when N. Anger of Claremont Junction, came and offered him a price he quickly accepted to get rid of the "nuisance."

The animal was put in a box stall at the Junction House stables, where H. A. Willard will break and tame it. For the first three days it would neither eat nor drink, but now drinks milk and eats corn fodder. A stranger's visit to the stall will cause it to back into the corner and grind its teeth and strike with its feet. Mr. Willard is the only person whom the animal will allow to come near it.

Upon close examination it was found that the animal's head is more deer than calf. The eyes are large and lustrous, with a pathetic expression. The face from the eyes and nose is long and pointed.

Between the horns, which protrude about an inch or more backward on top of the head, it is full like a calf. The ears are like a deer's, being slim, with little hair, and full at the bowl. The tongue is very much rougher than that of a calf. The neck, too, is more calf-like, being broader than a deer's.

The tail, although long, is very flat. The legs are exceptionally clean and slim, and the Indian bone, which is sometimes called the toothpick, and which is found only in the leg of a deer, is very plainly felt in the forward legs.

The hoofs are small and pointed. Its coat is a dark red and the gray hair is fast appearing on the rump and neck.—[Claremont (N. H.) Correspondence New York Herald.]

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer

HISTORY.

Revolutionary Days.

IT IS not many years since history, as printed in books, consisted chiefly of a record of marches and battles, and of the doings of the leaders of the people, civil and military. With the life of the masses, except as it rose into prominence through a peasant war or an appeal for a Magna Charta, the historian thought it little worth his while to concern himself. Modern historical methods are the result, in part, of the growth of the democratic idea, but in still larger measure of the theory that shows human life, like all other life, to be an evolution—a slow process of growth, in which the great events by which the older historians marked epochs are merely the outcome of interworking causes to be sought in the everyday life of the people. Modern sociology and ethnology, which have themselves been moulded by every other branch of modern natural science, have practically revolutionized the writing of history.

A volume that has just come from the press of Scribner's Sons illustrates in some measure the new attitude in the study of human events. Charles Knowles Bolton's "The Private Soldier Under Washington" is a book that would hardly have been thought of in the early days of the republic, despite the interest that, then as now, attached to all the events connected with the nation's struggle for liberty. Not that the book is itself exactly a sociologic study, but it adds to the best means of such study. It is a simple record, obtained from many different sources, of the life of field and camp in the war for independence. Letters of private soldiers are one of the chief sources from which the book is drawn, and minor public documents have been carefully searched for the rest of the matter. We gain a new comprehension, as we read, of the apparent hopelessness of the struggle, of the privations endured and the disaffection that sometimes sapped the courage of all but the most heroic; and we are filled afresh with a sense of our indebtedness to those who, in the face of all these hardships and discouragements still refused to despair of the republic. The appalling story of desertions and of the laxity of discipline, sometimes necessary for the maintenance of any army at all, comes to us with new force from the lips of the men of the rank and file who passed through it all.

The study of American history is only in its beginning, and masses of unutilized material are yet at the disposal of the historian. Books like this of Mr. Bolton, which confine themselves to the homely but significant details of some one particular field, are among the most useful that can be written, not only through the insight that they themselves give, but also through the material for inductive sociologic work that they afford.

[The Private Soldier Under Washington. By Charles Knowles Bolton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.25 net.]

TRAVEL.

New Stevenson Edition.

To catalogue Stevenson's "An Inland Voyage" as travel is, perhaps, carrying a dry classification somewhat far; for the book makes less the impression of a continuous narrative of a journey than that of a collection of separate pictures, all turning on one subject and forming a series, yet each distinct and complete in itself. They are pictures drawn sketchily, with the bold strokes of a strong personality in easy, holiday mood, and yet showing, on any close inspection, the finish of a master of literary style. The book is not for those who wish instruction in the usual guide-book facts concerning the Oise and the towns and villages along its banks, but for the lover of Stevenson and the lover of literary art for itself. The volume is bound in cloth and handsomely printed in large type on excellent paper.

[An Inland Voyage. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.]

POETRY.

A Sheaf of Lyrics.

A little volume of lyrics by Adah Louise Sutton is published by the Safford Publishing Company. The themes are love and nature, with an occasional bit of humorous verse, or a poem of domestic affection. The following is one of the prettiest of the poems:

Nay, seek not under February snows
For summer's perfumed rose,
Her petals, frail and fair,
Were long since scattered on the ambient air.
Content thee now with frost and hoary rime;
There are no roses in the winter time.

So when Love's sun is set, and the bleak night
Speaks still of lost delight,
Only the soft, cold kiss
Of snowflakes whispers of departed bliss:
The crimson blooms of Love, that glowed like flame,
Are scattered all and shed, a memory and a name.

[Seeds of April's Sowing. By Adah Louise Sutton. The Safford Publishing Company, Akron, Ohio.]

FICTION.

A Plot Novel.

A new novel, whose interest is centered in plot, is "The Loom of Life," by Rev. Charles Frederick Goss. The scene is laid among the Tennessee Mountains, where young Philip Gurney discovers an Eden tenanted by a lovely, bronze-haired Eve, ignorant of evil as was our foremother before the eating of the forbidden fruit. She is the daughter of a Greek scholar, brought up with an intimate knowledge of the Greek language and literature and believing in the old Greek myths—a young Diana, spending her time between hunting and books, and knowing nothing of the world outside the mountains

book that shelters her home. Gurney proves the serpent in this Eden and deserts his Eve when her need is greatest. Her father dying just at this point in the story, the betrayed girl starts out on a career of vengeance, to which she is incited by her old nurse, an Egyptian who possesses powers of sorcery and prophecy, and is appropriately named Sibyl. For seven years she haunts the footsteps of Philip Gurney, until her evil angel, the Egyptian, dies, when she is at last rescued by a young reformer who loves her and who has followed her, all these years, with good intent, as she has followed Gurney with ill.

The book has all the characteristic marks of the melodrama, even to the maniac wife and the inevitable "dull thud" (page 5). One of the prominent defects of the story is the abruptness and finality with which characters drop out of the pages when no longer necessary to the author's purpose—as, for instance, Pomp, the little negro attendant of Gurney, at the opening of the book, and later the betrothed of Gurney, who is left behind by the author in the midst of a scene in which she dismisses her lover for his evil deeds, and is never heard of afterward by the reader.

[The Loom of Life. By Charles Frederick Goss. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.]

Stories of the Ghetto.

Others besides Zangwill are finding the ghetto a fruitful literary field. J. F. Taylor & Company have just published a book of short stories by Herman Bernstein, the scene of which is laid in the Jewish quarter of New York. It is a relief to turn from the romance melodrama, like Christopher's "The Invisibles" and "The Loom of Life," with their sorcerers and caves and crime and mystery, to these tales of lowly life, full of the primal human hopes and fears, the humble ambitions and deep religious feeling of a strong and simple folk. The sorrows of Soreh Rivke and her husband, the cantor, the disappointment and awakening of Dora Blensstock, the factory hand, the married loneliness of Emanuel and Elizabeth Levin, Jew and devout Catholic, the unhappy lot of Reisel and Mordecai Finn under the petty tyranny of the Rosh Hakol, Reb Zolmen Cohen, are faithfully drawn and full of interest. The literary workmanship is excellent. The author writes with both love of human nature and love of his work, and the book, if not great, is promising and worth more than a single reading.

[In the Gates of Israel. By Herman Bernstein. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

JUVENILE.

A Humane Book.

In "Foxy, the Faithful," Lily F. Wesselhoft has woven into a story for young people some of the facts of brute suffering on remote New England farms, where the influence of the humane societies does not reach. The aim is to awaken an interest, particularly among the children, that shall lead to a remedy of some of the evils. The story is a very simple one, simply told. The interest centers in the formation of a branch of the Humane Society by the children, with the aim of compelling a cruel farmer to provide proper food and shelter for his sheep during the bitter cold of the Maine winter. Foxy, for whom the book is named, is a little fox-terrier, the pet of the young heroes and heroines. The story is a pleasant, wholesome picture of farm life, and heed has been given in it not to draw so severely upon the tender sensibilities of young readers as to interfere with enjoyment of the tale or cause pain in remembrance.

[Foxy, the Faithful. By Lily F. Wesselhoft. Illustrated by H. C. Ireland. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.20 net.]

A Book for Girls.

A pretty story of school-girl life is published in "Catharine's Proxy," by Myra Sawyer Hamlin. A spoiled daughter of wealth runs away from the school, at which she has been placed by her father, and shows so strong a distaste for continuing her education that the father yields to her wish to remain at home, and allows her to appoint a proxy to receive the year's tuition, the fees for which have been promised the boarding-school. The girl's choice falls upon the beautiful young daughter of an improvident French painter, a convent-schooled and simple type, a great contrast to the good-hearted but undisciplined American girl. The story of the manner in which this plainly-dressed but gently-bred girl is received by the elaborately-gowned and pompadoured young women of the boarding-school, their effort to initiate her into the "Order of Beauty and Fashion," and the final conversion of the American girls to the simpler, more natural and wholesome life of the French girl is very well and interestingly told.

[Catharine's Proxy. By Myra Sawyer Hamlin. Illustrated by Florence E. Plaisted. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.20 net.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

New Thought Books.

Followers of the so-called New Thought will undoubtedly be pleased with the little book just issued from the press of the Psychic Research Company and written by William Walker Atkinson, associate editor of the periodical "New Thought." The book undertakes to give, in a little less than a hundred pages, a synopsis of the fundamental principles of the school that it expounds. To him who is not a believer in the cult the exegesis only makes stronger the conviction that the welding of oriental mysticism and the modern science of the West is only a forced and moribund union, in which science loses much and mysticism gains but little.

A second book written by a believer in the New Thought society for psychical research and agreeing in its conclusions with the preceding is "The Truth," published by Peter Eckler, New York. The greater part of the book, however, is concerned with character, an examination of Christian character, the point of view of the modern free thinker. The writer is evidently not a man of science. His conclusions are such as will appeal to the average reader of thought periodicals, but hardly satisfy the scientific mind. The book is entirely popular in character. It is a little apparent plan of logical sequence, and on this account, much repetition. It is a book of doubtful interest for both believer and non-believer. The absence of an index, added to its lack of plan, make it difficult of reference and collection.

Its 500 pages condensed to two or three hundred carefully arranged would make far better reading. [The Law of the New Thought. By William Walker Atkinson. The Psychic Research Company, New York. Price, \$1, postpaid.]

[Searching for Truth. Published by Peter Eckler, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

The Literary Digest for October 4 contains other timely articles, symposiums upon the subjects: "Platt's Grip," "England and France Again," "Tariff Sentiment in Iowa," "The Mission Proposed by the President," "The Chinese and Political Crisis in Australia," "The Russian Finland," "An Alliance of France and Spain," "Immortality of 'Iris' (Pisano's new play)," "The Persecuted Poet of Spain," "The Revival of Art" (sculpture in wax); "A Christian Laborer," Wilbur F. Crafts; "The 440,000,000 for Religion," "Use Soft Coal," "Another Theory of Sun," "The Waves and the Human Brain," "Electricity and Sleep," "What is Electricity?" "Notable Deaths of Day."

Intelligent women (which being interpreted "women") and all interested in women, have been fully provided for in the Era Magazine for October, which there are two special articles for their interest: "Equal Suffrage in Colorado," by Helen H. Nixon, and "The Newspaper Woman of Today," by Kate Masterson. Other women contributors are prominently featured. Besides, William S. Walsh writes on Marie Corelli, and the latest child of his. The literary life is painted by Frederic M. Busch in glowing colors. William Armstrong's novel of the Royal Academy is not a dry collection of studies, but it is full of welcome information, and are installments of "Marie Antoinette," by Travis, and "Gabriel Toller," by Joel Chandler Harris. Stories in various keys by William Alfred Thomas, Henry, Dorothy E. Leonard, Joseph M. Rogers, and others. "Wit and Wisdom," and "Reviews." Sam Thomas Walsh, Clinton Scollard and Charles contribute poems.

The November Century contains the closing installment of "Confessions of a Wife." The book announced for publication on the 15th of October, in large demand has made it necessary to put off the issue for one week so that a sufficient number of copies may be printed to fill the first order. It is issued October 22.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

The forthcoming limited editions with the Press imprint includes a beautiful three-volume set of Montaigne's "Essay" in Florio's translation; "Instructions Concerning Erecting of a Library," by John's "Anti-Slavery Papers" in two volumes; "Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands," and "Prothalamion and Epithalamion."

The following books are announced for early publication by Messrs A. S. Barnes & Co., New York: "Bayou Triste: A story of Louisiana," by Hamilton Nicholls. Miss Nicholls is a well-known contributor to magazines, but this is her first published book form.

"Two On Their Travels," by Mrs. Archibald, quohoun, wife of the well-known traveler who was the alarm over the condition of that country.

A Wessels Company have in preparation for publication an interesting volume of "Legends of the Iroquois," collected by William W. Canfield. The greater part of these legends were told by a noted chief of the Senecas, to some of the early pioneers of Western New York, and were in diaries kept by the white man for a number of years. They came into Mr. Canfield's hands and he commenced a study of the folk-lore of the Iroquois, some of the oldest and best-informed men of the state in that State. The result of these investigations is in the volume soon to be issued.

Sara Beaumont Kennedy's novel "The Way Judith," which Doubleday, Page & Co. are publishing is not an historical novel, though its scene is colonial Virginia; but depends for its interest on romance and dash of the story. The same author, Lynn Cheshire, the publishers remark, has just issued seventh edition.

BERNHARDT'S SECRET.

Sara Bernhardt seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. "I am young," she says, "I work. I must work. I am never idle. If I were quietly in Paris, as the Parisians wanted me years ago, I should look at least 65. Possibly I am dead. I love travel, change of scene, occupation, and the result is—I am young." Philadelphia Press.

SAN PASQUAL BATTLE.

STORY OF STRENUOUS TIMES IN AND
NEAR LOS ANGELES.

By a Special Contributor.

After Commodore Stockton took possession of Los Angeles and the Territory of California, in August, 1846, there was only a brief period of tranquility; the old Spanish families would not surrender so easily, and organizing a force of about 1000 men, refused to recognize the flag of the conqueror. The war had to be done over again. That is why, six months later, Commodore Stockton, at the head of the marines and sailors, and a detachment of 100 dragoons, under command of Gen. Kearney, marched from San Diego to Los Angeles, and in doing so fought two bloody battles, one on the San Gabriel and the other over territory now inside the city and built over today. There are a few of those old Californians yet living who will remember the days when they couched down and rode against the solid squares of the Americans. The following letters written by an eye witness tell the story:

CIUDAD DE LOS ANGELES, January 14, 1847.

"The plans of Commodore Stockton have been fully carried out. At the head of the forces at his command, numbering about 600 men, and a detachment of the 1st Regiment of the United States Dragoons, under Gen. Kearney, he left San Diego on December 29, determined to again enter this capital, take possession, and put down the insurrection. Our line of march was through a rough mountain country of nearly 150 miles, with impediments on every side, to say nothing of constant opposition of attack, both by day and night, by the enemy. Our march was, notwithstanding, very rapid, and although performed mostly by sailor troops, would have done credit to the best-trained army in the world."

"On the morning of January 8, after several days of marching and fatigue, we came up with the enemy in the vicinity of the San Gabriel River. To the number of about 500 they had fortified themselves on the west bank of the river, and were well mounted with four pieces of artillery. Their position was so commanding that it seemed almost impossible to gain any point by which our troops could be protected from the enfilading fire of their artillery. They had formed about 100 yards from the river, and presented a front, consisting of their entire force, in three divisions, one on our right, another on our left, and the third in front of the artillery. Our line advanced, while a skirmish was kept up by a party of the enemy and a detachment of our dragoons."

"When we reached the south side of the river, the enemy dismounted and led the advance in fording the river, which was accomplished under a brisk fire from the enemy's artillery stationed on the opposite bank. The Commodore ordered that the guns should not be used until the opposite bank was gained. Once there, they were hurriedly brought into action. The first gun was aimed by the Commodore. His superior skill in gunnery and fondness for exercising the big guns was now displayed to greater advantage, one of his shots smashing the enemy's largest gun that had just burst in thunder into our midst. This effected, he ordered the men to charge the hill, and this they did gallantly, in the face of the enemy's guns, and soon were at the top. An attempt was made by the Californians to cut off our pack horses and cattle in the rear, all of which, however, with the exception of a few horses, were protected by our men in a creditable manner. With the loss of our possession, and our artillery having gained its desired point, the cannonading was maintained until the fire from the three guns which the enemy had succeeded in dragging off when driven from the hill. The Commodore continued to aim and fire the guns, and he ordered the men to lie down until he was ready to fire, and by this means the lives of many brave soldiers were saved, as the fire of the enemy was kept up for some time. Another charge drove the enemy from the field, and we camped on the hill they had abandoned and on which, as they said, they intended to 'make us up.' The number of their killed and wounded was not possible for us to ascertain, as they immediately carried away on their horses all those who fell. We did not exceed twenty in killed and wounded."

"On the next day, on the plains of the mesa, we met the city, and with bold and determined effort tried to run on every side with cannon and repeated charges on the part of their lancers. The battle was fought for nearly two and one-half hours, when Gen. Kearney is reported to have said to his troops: 'I have another discharge of artillery to make, and my last resort is that you make a bold and determined charge as our last resort.' Thus they did, their lancers charging down upon our squares which, however, were not shaken, the men standing firm as rock walls, repulsing the charge of the lancers with volleys from the rifle, and then with the bayonet. The charge was immediately repulsed, and we found ourselves victorious in the second day's fight. We camped on the hill, and the next morning, January 10, we moved into Los Angeles and took possession, while the hills glistened with the lances of the enemy. It is remembered that all our work, defending the city, attacking and protecting our baggage train, and so on, was done on foot, while the enemy was magnificently mounted. Is it not remarkable that we should have been so successful? Our battle cry in both engagements was 'New Orleans.' I give the above as having been an eye witness, and I am glad that I can write you."

"The battle of San Pasqual is described in the following letter from Maj. Seward left the States with a detachment, and on September 25, left Santa Fé with 300 dragoons, under the command of Col. Kearney. When 200 miles this side of Santa Fé, they were met by a courier with dispatches from Commodore Stockton, who informed them that California was in possession of the Americans, and all was quiet. On receipt of this information Col. Kearney dispatched 200 men to protect some point in that vicinity, and advanced toward San Diego with the remainder."

"When within a few days' march of San Diego, he met a party of thirty Americans, under the command of Lieut. Gillespie. They met with no opposition until the morning of December 8, when, about daybreak, they were attacked by a force of Californians under the command of Señor Andres Pico, at a place called San Pasqual. The attack was evidently planned as a surprise, but the little band of troopers had not forced its way through nearly 1000 miles of hostile Indian country to be surprised here, and stood firm under the charge of the lancers, which was repulsed, and a general engagement followed. This resulted in the defeat of the Californians, but they rallied and returned to the attack, but were again driven from the field. But it was a costly victory for the little band, which lost one-third of its number in killed and wounded, nineteen having been killed outright. It lost nearly all its commissioned officers, Capt. More, Hammond and Johnston having been killed and Col. Kearney and Lieut. Gillespie and Warner wounded. The Californians had much the advantage of the Americans, being finely mounted on fresh horses, while the Americans had only those with which they had traveled over 1000 miles."

"The next morning, after burying the dead and contriving litters for the eighteen wounded men, the little army again took up its march for San Diego, but had not proceeded over seven miles when it was again attacked by the Californians, who had received large reinforcements. A skirmish followed, which resulted in no loss to our men, while it is certain that a number of the Californians were killed. However, owing to the strength of the enemy, Col. Kearney realized the futility of attempting to reach San Diego, hampered, as the command was, with the wounded and the loss of a number of horses that dismounted some of the men. Their condition seemed almost hopeless, but there was no thought of giving up the fight. Selecting a rocky place near water, Col. Kearney halted the command, and improvised breastworks of loose rock against the deadly charges of the lancers. There they lay and fought during the day. When night fell, he slipped two couriers out of the camp, with orders to make all speed to San Diego. It was necessary to wait for night, as the couriers would be seen in the daytime and easily overtaken by the fresh mounts of the enemy. The men got away safely, but it was not known to the determined little band, and the next day was one of anxiety and suspense, but late at night there arrived 200 marines and sailors to their aid. After the arrival of these reinforcements, the Californians withdrew and made no further attack, and on December 12 the entire force arrived in San Diego."

"The next day after the battle, on the mesa, near Los Angeles (presumably Boyle Heights,) Commodore Stockton issued the following:

"General Order—The commander-in-chief congratulates the officers and men of the Southern Division of the United States forces in California on the brilliant victories obtained by them over the enemy, on the 8th and 9th inst., and on once more taking possession of the Ciudad de Los Angeles."

"He takes the earliest opportunity to commend their gallantry and good conduct, both in the battle fought on the 8th inst., on the banks of the Rio San Gabriel, and on the 9th inst., on the plains of the mesa."

"The steady courage of the troops in forcing their passage across the Rio San Gabriel, where officers and men alike were employed in dragging the guns through the water in the face of a galling fire from the enemy, without returning a shot, then, after gaining the enemy's side of the river, the gallant charge up the bank against cavalry and artillery, has, perhaps, never been surpassed. And the cool determination with which, in the battle of the 9th, they repulsed the charge of the cavalry, made by the same time and again on their front and rear, has excited the admiration of the enemy and deserves the best thanks of their countrymen."

R. F. STOCKTON,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Territory of California.

"Headquarters Ciudad de Los Angeles,
"January 11, 1847."

When Commodore Stockton first took possession of the city of Los Angeles, he issued the following proclamation, under date of August 17, 1846, interesting as an American precedent in taking formal possession of conquered territory:

TO THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA:

"On my approach to this place with the forces under my command José Castro, the commandante general of California, buried his artillery, and abandoned his fortified camp on the mesa and fled, it is believed, toward Mexico. With the sailors and marines and the California battalion of Mounted Riflemen we entered the City of Angeles on the 13th day of August and hoisted the North American flag. The flag of the United States is now flying from every commanding position in the territory, and California is entirely free from Mexican dominion. The Territory of California now belongs to the United States and will be governed, as soon as circumstances permit, by officers and laws similar to those by which other territories of the United States are regulated and protected. But until the Governor, secretary and councillors are appointed and the various civil departments of the government are arranged military laws will prevail, and the commander-in-chief will be the Governor and protector of the Territory. In the meantime the people will be permitted, and are requested to meet, in their several towns and departments, at such time as they see fit, to elect civil officers to fill the places of those who decline to continue in office, and administer the laws according to former usages of the Territory. In all cases where people fail to elect, the commander-in-chief will make appointments."

"All persons of whatever religion or nation who

faithfully adhere to the new government will be considered the citizens of the Territory, and will be zealously and thoroughly protected in liberty and conscience, their persons and property."

"No persons will be permitted to remain in the Territory who do not agree to support the existing government, and all military men who desire to remain are required to take an oath that they will not take up arms against it nor do anything to disturb its peace."

"Nor will any persons, come from where they may, be permitted to settle in the territory, who do not pledge themselves in all respects to be obedient to the laws which may from time to time be enacted by the proper officers of the Territory."

"All persons who, without special permission, are found with arms outside their own houses, will be considered as enemies and shipped out of the country."

"All thieves will be put to hard labor on public works, and there kept until compensation is made for the property stolen."

"The California battalion of Mounted Riflemen will be kept in service of the Territory and constantly on duty to prevent and punish aggressions, by Indians and other persons, upon the property of individuals or the peace of the Territory. And California shall hereafter be so governed and defended as to give security to the inhabitants and to defy the powers of Mexico."

"All persons are required, as long as the Territory is under martial law, to be within their homes from 10 o'clock at night until sunrise the next morning."

R. F. STOCKTON,
Commander-in-Chief and Governor of the Territory of California.

"Ciudad de Los Angeles, August 17, 1846."

Four days after the battle on the mesa east of the city, the following articles of capitulation were signed at the fortified camp of the insurgents, at the Cahuenga rancho:

"Articles of capitulation made and entered into at the Rancho Cahuenga, on the 13th day of January, 1847, between P. B. Reading, major; Louis McLane, Jr., commanding Third Artillery; W. H. Russell, ordnance officer, commissioners appointed by J. C. Fremont, lieutenant-colonel of the United States army and military commandant of California and José Antonio Carrillo, comandante esquadron; Augustine Olivera, diputado, commissioners appointed by Don Andres Pico, commander-in-chief of the California forces under the Mexican flag:

"Article 1—The commissioners on the part of the Californians agree that their entire force shall, on presenting themselves to Lieut.-Col. Fremont, deliver up their artillery and public arms, and they shall return peaceable to their homes, conforming to the laws and regulations of the United States, and not again to take up arms during the war between the United States and Mexico, but will assist and aid in placing the country in a state of tranquillity."

"Art. 2—The commissioners on the part of Lieut.-Col. Fremont agree and bind themselves, on fulfillment of the first article by the Californians, that they shall be guaranteed protection of life and property, whether on parole or otherwise."

"Art. 3—That until a treaty of peace be made and signed between the United States and the republic of Mexico, no Californian or other Mexican citizen shall be bound to take the oath of allegiance."

"Art. 4—That any Californian or citizen of Mexico, desiring, is by this capitulation permitted to leave the country without let or hindrance."

"Art. 5—That, in virtue of aforesaid articles, equal rights and privileges are vouchsafed to every citizen of California as are enjoyed by the citizens of the United States of America."

"Art. 6—All officers, citizens, foreigners and others shall receive the protection guaranteed by the second article."

"Art. 7—This capitulation is intended to be no bar in effecting such arrangements as may in future be in justice required by both parties."

History says that it was this capitulation that caused the open breach between Commodore Stockton and Lieut.-Col. Fremont, Stockton considering that Fremont had usurped his authority.

E. E. BOWLES.

FRUGAL CHINESE.

The Chinese are very economical people. In North China the people will eat horse, mule, donkey or any animal, and they will eat all the animal, even when it has died of disease. The smallest children are sent out to gather fuel. One may see boys up in trees beating off leaves as if they were fruit and not a straw is allowed to lie idle on the ground. In ordinary houses a dim light which costs almost nothing will be placed in a hole in a dividing wall so as to light two apartments. An old woman who was hobbling along painfully was asked where she was going. She explained that she was going to the home of a relative, so as to die in a place near to the family graveyard and thus avoid the expense of coffin-bearers for a long distance.—[Chicago News.]

A SEPTEMBER DAY.

With her remember'd smile she comes again,
Unhurtful Autumn, still and passionless,
Whose temperate heart hath known its sting of pain,
But not the cruel madness of excess.

Softly and gravely falls her tender kiss
On leaf and flower, that, unaware of death,
Believe their days must always know the bliss
And benison of her renewing breath.

No maiden charm has she, but the fair mein
Of one grown rich in loving; voice and face
And bearing of a queen, the more a queen
Because she rules with such a simple grace.

And those who long for hard adventures—yearn
To try their strength, and bear the pangs of strife,
Shall touch her wistful mouth, and, glowing, turn
Into the stony highway, lords of life.

—[Pall Mall Gazette.]



The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION,

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Natural Gas.

SOME time ago the Whittier News contained the following, in regard to an enterprise for the utilization of the natural gas supply from the wonderful spouting well on the Meyers ranch, near Santa Fe Springs, concerning which mention has heretofore been made in these columns:

"This week a big deal has been consummated by which the Meyers ranch, about three miles below the city, has been secured under perpetual lease by Whittier people for the purpose of developing natural gas for commercial purposes. The lease covers gas, oil and minerals, but gas is the object of development.

"The company is composed of W. S. Fawcett, Eugene Vesie, A. H. Cheney, John Windsor and others. They have been working quietly on the matter for a year, but only this week were they able to bring it to a head on a basis satisfactory to all parties concerned. The ranch consists of 1178 acres and contains the famous gusher drilled about three years ago, which flooded the country with water thrown up by the enormous gas pressure which threw a stream of water, mud and rock hundreds of feet in the air. This stream was finally controlled and the casing pushed down through the gas strata, for the drillers at that time wanted water, not gas, and were caused much annoyance by the presence of so much pressure. After the casing had passed some distance below the gas strata without finding a larger body of water, the casing was perforated for what water was above the gas, but the pressure was so great that the casing collapsed, rendering further work difficult. The casing could not be swedged and it was impossible to put even an air pipe to the bottom of the hole for the purpose of testing the flow of water. The gas now coming up through the pipe, and an idea of which can be had from the six-foot blaze which has been burning day and night for three years, seeps through mud, rock and water and comes through the perforations in the casing. This causes the impression that an immense body of natural gas exists and it is this body of gas the new company is after. They intend to go to work immediately developing the property.

"Mr. Vesie is a gas well driller of experience, having drilled many big gas wells in the Pennsylvania gas fields. He will have charge of the practical work and expects to get started within thirty days.

"The intention is not to distribute this gas direct to the consumers, but to furnish gas companies in Whittier, Los Angeles, Long Beach and surrounding towns, and it has been stated that there is gas enough now going to waste from the present well to furnish the city of Los Angeles. This statement is deemed by many to be extravagant, but was made by a practical gas man."

Handling Walnuts.

THE Walnut-Growers' Association has just commenced receiving nuts at its new warehouse station at Oxnard. It is said that there are only four other plants like this in the State. The Oxnard Courier gives the following particulars about it:

"The machinery for grading, bleaching, draining and drying is now being put in place by mechanics. To a novice it is all a mystery, but can be readily explained by Mr. Widdan, the superintendent of the new plant. The machinery is extensive enough to handle thirty sacks of nuts per hour, and the surprising thing is that from the time the bags are received, weighed and emptied into the hopper leading to the elevator and then to grader, to the time the nuts have passed through their many stages, is a lapse of but fifteen minutes.

"From the grader mentioned above, the nuts are carried by the machinery into the bleacher, from this into a draining machine and thence into the dryer, which extends the full width of one end of the building and is heated by a furnace. From the dryer a second elevator takes the ever-moving walnuts up into a chute, down which they fall into bags and are ready for the market.

"The water for the different processes will be held in a fifty-barrel tank, connected with the Improvement Company's waterworks, and situated near the top of the building over the drying machine.

"The machinery for the dryer is manufactured by Anderson & Bangrover of San José, and is exactly like that used at the other points in the State.

"Previous to this year the walnut-growers of this county have each separately graded and prepared their own nuts, and, although the separate processes in the several instances have been successful, no special quality of nuts were recognized from this district. With the advent of the Oxnard Walnut-Growers' Association, however, these conditions will be changed and a nut that soon will be sought on the market will be put out. A quality of the very best will undoubtedly be attained."

Making Sugar.

THE Oxnard Courier recently contained the following in regard to the work at the big sugar factory:

"It looks as though the Oxnard beet-sugar factory was just about the finest ever. For the past ten days since the clean up the big mill has been grinding along,

up to and frequently above capacity, with no hitches to speak of.

"The most noticeable run since the opening of operations was made last Sunday—the better the day the better the deed. During the period of twenty-four hours 2100 tons of beets were sliced, the beets averaging 15.4 per cent. sugar. The factory is listed at 2000 tons in twenty-four hours running time on 15 per cent. beets, so it is easy to see 'above capacity' written all over the face of operations. There is considerable rivalry between the night shift, under A. M. Duperu, and the day shift, under B. O. Sprague, to see which shift can make the highest score. On this run we speak of the night shift tallied 1048 tons and the day shift 1052. Pretty even running and shows how remarkably well the factory is kept in hand at all times.

"A splendid quality of sugar has been turned out all this campaign, equaling, if not exceeding, in grain, color and sweetness, the cane product. Most of the sugar leaves the warehouses as soon as sacked. In the middle of the week 272,415 bags had been shipped east to Missouri River points. The factory is averaging about 5500 bags packed per day.

"The two greatest supplies of the factory outside of beets, and water, are crude oil and lime rock. Including the rotary lime burning kilns, the factory averages a barrel of oil per ton of beets sliced. Of lime rock 175 tons are used per day. This is lower than it would be, owing to a successful combination working of the Osmore and Steffens processes, which is this year working very satisfactory.

"The lime rock is received from Oro Grande and Lompoc. The latter is a new proposition. It started out with a superior product, but now that they are getting down on the ledge, quality is not as good. The Oro Grande rocks remains uniform and good quality."

Corona Oranges.

THE pretty little settlement of Corona, formerly known as South Riverside, is coming to the front as an orange shipping point. It is stated that the citrus fruit shipments from Corona for the past season will amount to \$25 carloads, while estimates place the coming season's crop at 100 carloads more than this.

Flour Mill for Colton.

AT a mass meeting held recently in Colton, \$165 was raised with which to assist in the purchasing of certain property opposite the Santa Fe depot, upon which it is said that Los Angeles capital proposes to erect a large flour mill.

To Make Pottery at Redlands.

THE Redlands Facts of October 1 contained the following in regard to the proposed new industry at that place:

"For over a year a prominent resident of Redlands has given his time and thought to the establishment of a new industry, and the results have been so successful that before long a pottery will be in operation, which will be devoted to small artistic pieces, such as vases, trays and tiles and the larger architectural ornaments of terra cotta. W. H. Trippett, who is the originator of this pottery, has studied the clay soils of Redlands very closely and has discovered a number of different varieties of value, even small deposits of pure kaolin having been found about the hills. The clays are of a remarkably fine grade, the colors ranging through various shades of cream, gray, black, white and terra cotta.

"The finished specimens are graceful in shape, very light in weight, taking, after firing, the deep dull luster such as is found in Roman gold. The tinting is exquisite, the artist in some cases having mixed his clays to allow the most delicate gradations of coloring to appear. In some pieces the beauty is found in the fine shadings of color, while in others, typical flower and animal forms are used for ornamentation.

"Before coming to California, Mr. Trippett was well known as a designer in metals, and his former business and artistic success insure that the new undertaking will prove an added factor in the industrial development of Redlands."

Bismuth.

FOLLOWING is a Boston communication to Los Angeles Oil and Finance:

"Capt. W. I. Rand, mineralogist and mining expert of Boston, has lately returned from a trip to Arizona, where, at the solicitation of Frederick Webb of Phoenix, he visited some mining properties in which Mr. Webb was interested.

"These claims were located a number of years ago by President Haker of the Mormon church of Arizona, and Deacon Merrill of Lehi. The ore resembled horn-silver and about a ton was run through a Mexican 'dobe' smelter in the village of Tempe, giving the remarkable return of 1100 ounces. One of the local banks offered to buy the output for silver, so much did it resemble that metal. It was discovered, however, that it was not silver, from its crystalline nature—it was not lead, zinc nor tin; they did not know what it was, and for years the property lay idle, as no one knew what it was.

"Recently, Deacon Merrill met Mr. Webb, a mining man of considerable experience, and formerly editor of the Arizona Mining Press, and showed him samples of the ore. Mr. Webb, learning that Capt. Rand was in Arizona, wired him to come and examine the property. The result was that repeated tests by Capt. Rand revealed a gigantic deposit of chemically pure bismuth-carbonate ore, running \$125 to \$150 to the ton, and the only known deposit in the world of bismuth unassociated with other metals or impurities, and when treated, the expense being small, is worth \$1.50 to \$1.65 per pound.

"The mines are situated on the Salt River, between the Superstition Mountains and Fort McDowell, near the junction of the Verde and the Salt Rivers.

"The American production of bismuth is \$25,000 per year, and the importation \$250,000. The American pro-

duction is chiefly from Colorado, where it is used as an impurity in gold, silver and other metals, and to be shipped to Swansea, Eng., for treatment.

A Smelter Needed.

FOR many years there has been talk about the location of a smelter in Los Angeles, and the project advanced so far as the construction of the frame work of a building, which still stands on the side of the Los Angeles River, near the city limits. If there was need for a smelter today, there is certainly a still more crying need for one enterprise today, and it seems somewhat surprising where money for investment is so plentiful, that there should have inaugurated such an enterprise. People believe that the best site for such a smelter would be San Pedro. Writing on this subject, a man, Ariz. Miner says:

"Los Angeles interests are demanding the location of a smelter with a capacity of 1200 tons daily, the installation of such a plant at San Pedro is a convenient place on the coast, close to Los Angeles, would bring to that city the product of Arizona, Nevada, and a large amount of the product of Mexico. Every business interest of Arizona would be benefited by the installation of such plant, and it will go in. Salt Lake City has an intense competition with the trust and the people are feeling the good effects of it. With a complete southwestern field the people will get results there is in their area."

To Develop Santa Barbara.

PASADENA names figure prominently in the plan recently organized, with headquarters at Santa Barbara. Indeed, the Santa Barbara newspaper, Pasadena firm of William R. Staats Co., has having brought about the formation of the Santa Barbara Development Company.

"James R. H. Wagner, who has in the past identified with the Staats Company, is the Santa Barbara Realty and Trust Company, and is actively in charge of its affairs. Other identified with it are thus described: 'H. Edwards, president of the Commercial Bank, the Hueneme capitalist and director of the Hotel Company; William R. Staats, president of the Staats Investment Company of Pasadena; Kingsley Macomber, president of the Los Angeles Company.'

"A fine new building is to be erected for the plans for it are being drawn by the architect of the Hotel, and the same general style of architecture to be followed. The dimensions will be height one story. The new company will acquire real estate, but sell, make improvements, and develop tracts, and in all ways be an influence building of the city."

By-products.

THE Chicago Packer recently published a list of utilizing the fruit waste, from which we learn in regard to the manufacture of products in California, is an extract:

"The Waterman Condensing Company, the largest by-product plant in Southern California, plans, and will this year handle 100,000 tons of fruit, between 4000 and 5000 tons of fruit, the fruit into citric acid elements while on the market for its several forms of this and lemon, orange and pomelo juice. This makes the condensed grape extract known as Grape Food.

"The Neff Laboratory Company of Los Angeles is an excellent product from pomelo (grape) waste. Fresno has a plant for the manufacture of the grape seeds coming from the raisin industry. Tannin is also produced from the same waste. There is also one or two peripatetic apricot plants, the product of which is shipped to the works. National City possesses a distillery operated by the San Diego Land and Town Company, and last year the papers contained numerous reports of a company organized for the production of a company from cull fruit by a combination of sugar and concentration, but nothing has been heard of this project this season.

"Ontario and San Diego have plants well equipped for the production of orange and lemon-pie filling, meat, plum pudding and marmalades.

"A firm at Auburn has been manufacturing products for canning fruits extensively on the market, while these may never figure largely with the establishments in this line, yet in many instances waste product will be saved. With one of them, Gibson & Son, at Auburn, place a nice line of fruit and fruit pulp on the market.

"Concentrates of lemon, 'kitchen lemon,' consisting of lemons worked over in powder form, are upon the market by the Baker-Harron Company, Angeles, with which some of our largest lemons are connected.

"Experiments at the Agricultural College of the Or., indicate that prune culls can be made into 60 cents per bushel realized. Prof. Ford has 10,482 pounds of waste prunes into 660 gallons of vinegar. He is confident that it will develop the 4 per cent acetic acid necessary to standard vinegar. The retails at 20 cents per gallon, and the experiments indicate that one bushel of prunes will make 600 gallons of prime vinegar.

"There are numerous small grape juice plants in the southern part of the State, the most complete being at Pomona. These grape juice servers may very properly be considered lemons, as they utilize grapes by other than the methods of manufacture into wine or raisins.

"Taken altogether, there is great hope for the working up of California's surplus fruit in the production of appetizing and valuable food products, at no very distant date; the solution of one of the larger products will lead to the handling of the smaller ones."

WAYS OF WOMEN.

By a Woman.

What is Suit Building.

THE importance of tailor suits, and interest in the coming winter modes, centers itself just at present in all the materials to be used. The loosely-woven, heavy fabrics, are destined to be tres grande mode, in many cases soft woolen flasks or spots, adding much to the general charm. There is invariably a blending of two or three colors, invisible plaids achieving the most pleasing results, giving an exceedingly soft harmony of color. The wool and warp may be of brown and white, with a dark red plaiding of coarse wool checked over the whole, as one studies the wrong side, while on the right side, the long hairs are of brown, and, as a means showing of silver white hairs, and the oval shape of valued wool put on at equal intervals. This idea of having the wool and warp thrown into brown, blue, reds or purples, with the irregular spots of white hair, with the shedding of white hair between the spots, gives quite a different effect, yet one equally as charming for suit building. Another fabric shows one solid color for its wool and warp, while the right side will show an inch square checker line of tufted

person, whether they be blonde or brunette, is most flattering, a fact no one despises. Serges are used greatly again, but their revival is in the most delicious colorings, in mixtures as well as plain. In the mixtures, the under color is simply a vague suggestion, seemingly, without a cause, so invisible is the color worked in. Yellow on white, dark blue and lavender, are two which give most stunning effects. There is a new red, a dark dahlia maroon which is glorious, suggesting the deep, rich color one so often sees in the velvety petals of the flower.

Are We to Have Redingotes?

TO THE women outside the pale of slenderness, the contemplation of these thick suit materials, must be far from pleasing, but their hope must lie in the rumor that redingotes are to be modish again, and be worn in place of a jacket or coat as the second piece of a street suit. With a silk petticoat, deeply faced with the rough goods, this long coat would add as little as possible to the hip dimensions, or waist line, as it fitted tightly over the silk upper part, but it is too early to determine with authority upon winter fashions, for our little later news will be far more worthy of credence. Black cloth strap-pings are used most extravagantly on the mottled materials, being faultlessly stitched on. Black satin and taffetas are also used, the latter being the smarter of the two. Fancy narrow bands following outlines end in a pretty odd finish, many of these lines starting at the top of the skirt and end at various lengths. Where one has

and the diamonds put point to point about the knees. If your skirt is fitted properly by the shirring it should have a delightful flare and your trimming look stunning. Directly above the belt line these same embroidered diamonds should be, the bodice being cut on the surplus order, the rows of shirring appearing on each shoulder, and be sure and have the plastron of black velvet embroidered in white. The top of the sleeves should be ornamented with the linen diamonds, from there, the sleeve simulating a generous elbow flounce: A belt of embroidered blue linen would be delightful, and I think I would add a shirred undersleeve. I am sure you will like it immensely.

White Linen Gown.

M. R. S. LOS ANGELES, writes: "I have a good piece of white linen, and want to know how to use it in a dress, also would you advise embroidering it or resort to other trimmings in preference? My linen is quite heavy, but fine, and I feel it has the possibilities of an extremely pretty gown."

The most stunning combination for the fine linens is the china blue. To fashion your skirt on the eighteenth century style, which has been recently revived with such success, would be charming, but I would omit the hip drapery or panier. Have the skirt short, with a deep hem, as you remember the gowns of that period were, and have it embroidered all over in a running vine, with the bunches of flowers done in china blue, the other being all white. Have the bodice pointed, and fastened in front with three bows of china blue taffeta, buckled with gold. Make a wide collar of fine lace, to fall from the bare throat well over the shoulders, but be sure to use the linen as the foundation. Have the elbow sleeves finished with a deep ruffle, embroidered in the vine effect. Abroad this style is extremely popular, when golf teas are on the tapis.

Autumn Wraps.

WRAPS figure most conspicuously in the wardrobe this autumn—and they are things of beauty and interest. The changes are radical, some of them startling. In strictly tailor-made coats there have not been so many novelties, but in dress coats and evening wraps the new ideas are startling. A new material which is introduced in both wraps and gowns is cybeline—that rough, long-nap, silky, woolen goods which is seductively soft, but which, when rubbed the wrong way, looks like a man's damaged silk hat. In spite of the fact that it is likely to be a perfect torment it has found immediate favor, and some sumptuous garments are made of it.

A smart coat and skirt are made of dark blue cybeline, trimmed with heavy bands of velvet in the same shade, the coat, one of those baggy blouse affairs with long stole ends of velvet. The disadvantage of the weight of the cloth is more than met by its warmth, for it is almost equal to fur, and very soft and pliable. Its greatest disadvantage is its clumsiness, for it is thick and loosely-woven.

In soft shades of tan and brown the material has a particularly happy effect, and one of the smartest models brought from Europe to New York is a loose-fitting coat that hangs straight in the kimono effect that is so popular now. The material is soft, fawn-colored cybeline, like a fine leopard skin. The cuffs, collars and revers are made of green velvet with an embroidered design in white silk. The revers extend straight down the front of this uncommonly chic wrap.

The hat worn with this suit is worth more than a glance. It comes from one of the best Paris houses and is a model of smart simplicity. Linings are almost invariably in white satin, irrespective of the outside scheme of color. Any one who has the courage to undertake the construction of one of these kimono coats might obtain very satisfactory results, for the lines and composition are simple in the extreme, and one needs but an accurate eye to copy the new shapes. The popular, soft fabrics, too, are an additional advantage, for they are easy to handle. An evening coat may be very easily built on the plan of the simple wraps for practical wear, the lighter weight broadcloths and the novelty cloths being used. Velvet is employed occasionally for these coats, but the preference is for heavy, lustrous silks and satins, almost universally black. The all-black look is relieved in most of the models by huge collars and cuffs of white lace, white satin lining, and revers of white or of Dresden silk or Persian embroidery.

Spiced Peaches.

O. A. F., SAN GABRIEL, writes: "Can you give me a recipe for spiced peaches. I have tried to get one from a cook book, but have not succeeded. I mean something, without vinegar and not whole."

You probably refer to the spiced peaches, which are pared and cut into small pieces, and put up pound for pound, spiced to taste with ground cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, and cooked slowly until thick and rich.

D. R. MONTGOMERY.

FURS

Made to Order.

Seal garments also remodeled into the latest styles.

A full line of skins in stock.

D. Bonoff, Furrier,

Formerly with Marshall Field of Chicago.
217 South Broadway. Opp City Hall.



Imported Walking Suit

Kimona coat of Cybeline Trimmed with green Velvet

of the same color, but reduced to intense blackness, and inside is it. On top of this comes the long hair in white, and once having inspected this suit there can be no possible doubt of the stunning effect of a suit made of it. Quite a novelty this season is white called carpet, or rug cloth, the close weaving resembling the name, with selvages which accomplish pleasing results, in way of trimmings, where the name is, but are extremely rough in appearance. The loosely-woven materials are far more attractive, because of their pliability and extreme light weight. Many suits are simply a single color, with irregular touches of black, some being much larger than others. On some cloth are vague touches of white, or a sharply contrasting color, as green upon blue. Another idea is two shades of one color, an irregular pattern extending over the darker shade, and the white hairs are in, in such a way, as to lie smoothly. These are extremely modish, especially so for those who are disinclined to adopt the long-haired variety that stands out for fear of adding to their already size. For gowns there are two varieties of material; one the other carrying a glorious sheen. The colors are of the tenderest of hues of pastels, and a new one called dead leaf—in reality, only a light leaf—appearing under another name—while two shades of brown finish up this garment, and it almost seems as though this were meant for a brown season. It is destined to be popular, as its effect in the average

height to spare, the round trimmings of seven or nine rows of silk braid are employed, but in most cases the long lines are preferable. Sets of passementerie for skirts and bodies alike are very smart on smooth cloths, while heavy cord loops and designs made from cord, are an effective trimming for the heavy genre of cloths.

Popularity of White.

F. T. M., SANTA MONICA, writes: "Is white to be worn a good deal this winter, in hats, particularly, I mean?"

White is said to be the color of the season, the most chic are appearing in it and in hats some of the loveliest ones, from a dressy affair standpoint, are seen entirely of white, or else in a combination that is altogether lovely. You cannot go amiss in studying out your wardrobe, to include white in it as much as possible, for, while it is not always safe to follow every rumor, yet this one is perfectly correct.

Model for Beige Veiling.

A. C. M., LOS ANGELES, writes: "I have a light beige veiling, and want a design for making the same. I want it designed to be appropriate to wear to club teas, etc., and shall be most grateful to you."

A most stunning idea, if carried out well, would be to trim your veiling gown with diamonds of china blue linen, embroidered in white silk. Have your skirt cut to admit of several rows of shirring around the waist line,

By a Special Contributor.

Charlie was not a part of the merry-making, and his attention happened to be directed more above than below him. While he looked upward, a strange sight caught his attention. Two of the boys were engaged in a friendly wrangle, and suddenly the body of one of

The man's voice was interrupted. There was a rush from the ranks of the breaker boys, and Charlie suddenly found himself roughly handled. He could not resist the rush, and he was flung up in the air, and when he landed on two broad shoulders he offered no further resistance. Twice around the village and breaker he was carried on their shoulders, while they shouted and yelled like wild Indians. Then they built a bonfire, and danced around it, and made Charlie speak and have a good time generally.

GEORGE E. WALSH.

"What strange manners that author has!" said the sensitive young woman.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne: "if you didn't know he was a literary lion, you might mistake him for an educated pig."—[Washington Star.

By a Special Contributor

Russia and Siberia send almost all the skins that are taken in their immense hunting grounds to the "book city." Two millions of squirrel skins are sent to it each year from Russia alone. Thirty thousand foxes and 1,000,000 lambs are killed annually to meet the demands of the Leipzig fur traders.

RELIEF UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES

Mrs. Touser: And after the way you have
I suppose when you die you expect to go to
Mr. Touser: I don't know, my dear, what
coming up, but I have no doubt it will seem
to me—by way of contrast, you know.—[Ex-
it.]

UNCLE SAM BEARER OF TIDINGS.

THE SWIFTEST MAIL FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO TO POINT BARROW IN ARCTIC CIRCLE.

By a Special Contributor.

If you could take a voyage around the earth with the lightest of mail, so that, whenever you gazed down at the globe you would find it in darkness, you would see darting lines of light going criss-cross over it in every direction.

Where the United States lies you would see more of light than anywhere else. You would see them gliding swiftly from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes of fresh water to the Gulf of Mexico's warm brine. Glimmering lines would be visible to you where they go threading among the Rocky Mountains.

South of the United States you would see some black shadows where there would be no such bewildering maze of light. But even there, even in the wilderness of the world, you would see some.

So first, you would see some lights flashing and hurrying along everywhere on the globe. You would see them gliding across Siberia. You would see them in Africa, some gliding along the shores of the Indian Ocean, some gliding down toward the noble Cape of Good Hope, some gliding along the northern coast on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. You would see them in China and the Philippines, in India and in Turkestan. As for Europe, that continent would look to you like a great web of shining threads, all busily weaving.

These lights are the railroad trains of all the world carrying the fast mail. If you will recollect your his-

the, independent republic of the Congo. It has thirty-two. In these thirty-two it employs seventy-seven men. Every now and then a letter carrier of the Congo post-offices is eaten by a lion or a leopard. The path of these bearers of the mail is through forests and swamps. Sometimes they must camp at night in places where the wild beasts prowl around them in the darkness.

Uncle Sam has some peculiar mail routes himself. Even in the populous Middle Atlantic States scores of his carriers have to drive, ride or climb along roads that are old Indian trails. Some of his carriers have to ride armed. He has real western rough riders, who go through defiles of the Rocky Mountains on broncos. He has Indian runners and canoe men in Alaska.

All kinds of steamboats carry his mail. They range in size from great coast liners and tramp steamships to little puffing launchers. They go to islands away out of sight of the mainland of the United States. The fishermen of Nantucket, that lies thirty-five miles out at sea, like a ship, have their mail delivered to them as regularly as if they dwelt near or in a big city. Men dwelling on coral islands in the Gulf of Mexico are sure of one visitor at least, and that is the mail boat. Stern-wheelers go into the beautiful dreamy bayous of the South with a mighty splashing that frightens alligators and herons, and deliver the United States mail in lonely marsh settlements.

Even whaling ships are used by Uncle Sam. They go far north into Bering Sea. One mail route of Uncle Sam is attended to entirely by steam whalers, that sail from Seattle in Washington. These ships take letters and packages from home to men hidden away in the frozen country north of Bering Straits. The whalers and seal-



ers in the Arctic Circle are hunted for by Uncle Sam and he tries to deliver their mail to them, though they may have been cruising for a year or more. Sometimes he will send their mail from ship to ship, until at last one will find the vessel and send the letters aboard. They may be many months old by that time, but they are none the less welcome for that, you may be sure, and they are read over and over in the dim light from oil lamps in the laboring, tempest-beaten ships.

One of Uncle Sam's mail routes in Alaska uses ships and canoes and dog teams and sleds. It is a route more than four thousand miles long and carries the mails into the far interior, where the mighty Yukon River roars in the solitudes. Four round trips are made over this route each year and each trip costs Uncle Sam \$1495.

The letter carriers who do this work do not wear the neat uniforms that you see on the letter carriers at home. They are great, gaunt athletes, ready to swim a river full of drift ice if need be and thinking nothing of sleeping in a blanket and a rough tent by the side of the trail, with the thermometer far below zero.

The postoffice that Uncle Sam has at Point Barrow, in Alaska, is the most northern postoffice of the world. Never before was mail delivered so near the North Pole.

J. W. M.

MODERN METAMORPHOSIS.

Every one remembers that delightful passage in "Alice" where the baby turns gradually into a pig. Alice's astonishment must have been comparatively small to that exhibited by the customs officers at Dover, when a baby in the arms of a young, smartly-dressed lady suddenly gave way to a series of stifled yelps. It was not, however, a case of tragic metamorphosis. It was merely a more than usually ingenious attempt to smuggle a little dog into this country. The dog's owner had come from Ostend, and before getting aboard there she had given her dog a narcotic, and dressed it up as a baby. The effects of the drug, unfortunately for her, passed off just before she disembarked, and the little beastie was discovered and sent back to Belgium. We must confess to a feeling of sympathy with the dog's owner; after so much trouble it was hard lines that her dog should be sent back.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

EXPERT "BACK READING."

TRAMP OPERATOR DID SOME REMARKABLE WORK IN A PITTSBURGH OFFICE.

[New York Commercial:] One of the requirements of a first-class telegraph operator is what is technically known as "back reading"—a faculty of the ear and the memory developed in some cases to a marvelous extent. In one of the big telegraph companies in this city it is the rule that before a new operator is engaged he must qualify by receiving three test messages. These are sent to him over the wires from an adjoining room. Any three messages received that day may be picked out for the trial, thus avoiding the possibility of an operator learning a set of test messages by heart.

Not long ago an unlikely-looking applicant asked for a job at the Broadway office of one of the biggest companies in town. He was a tall youth and slim, with not a hair on his chin to help a rather sheepish expression or to speak of the years of experience which perhaps might have made him a valuable man. As usual the applicant was put to receiving, three dispatches picked with care being sent at a staggering clip. Then the head operator came to see the result.

"How are you getting on?" he asked.

"Here you are, sir."

"Yes, but here are only two messages. I sent you three," the man protested.

"I'll give you the third in a minute," said the applicant, sitting down to his typewriter. There he hammered out word for word the 100-word message sent him, relying only upon his memory—and by that is meant "back reading."

About the most remarkable story of back reading and clever telegraph work is one told by Tom Flynn, himself a veteran newspaper telegraph operator and at one time one of the best men in the business. Said he:

"I was in a Pittsburgh newspaper office those days, when one cold winter's night there appeared the most disreputable looking chap, who asked for a job as an operator. This was in the days of the tramp operator when those fellows had headquarters here in New York, in Spruce street, and similar housing in every other big town. But this fellow looked the father of all tramps. An old brown overcoat tied in the middle with sash cord, a slouch hat pulled over the ears and beneath the brim of which appeared, like a bowsprit, a red pug nose, and shoes with the poor toes sticking through the front of them were the first impressions obtainable.

"He stood in the door smiling at the prospect of being kicked downstairs and down came the old brown collar and off went the hat, adding to the other attractions a stubbly face, small eyes and a shock of matted hair.

"He said he wanted a job. Well, one of the regular operators happened to be sick that night, and though the night was slow for business it was as well to have a man on hand. Besides, there was fun ahead in the chap.

"We had one fellow sending into the office, and he was greased lightning—Chambers, of Buffalo. Every new man was run up against that Buffalo wire, and the Buffalo man knew it, and used to have fun. There was not a man in the office could receive all Chambers could send him in an hour, if he wanted to, and it was the Buffalo chap's delight to fire at any new man until there was a cry for mercy.

"Well, Fagan took his place at the wire, peeled off his old coat, and pulled a pad toward him. Then he opened the key to let her go, and Chambers, with a quick, nervous touch, sending the most beautiful Morse, began fairly to rattle in the stuff, for he had been tipped off that there was a victim. Every one on the staff that had nothing better to do stood about the ornament and snickered audibly, and prepared for the downfall. In came the message. The ornament searched one pocket after another for a pencil. He found a stub. But the stub would not do.

"By that time even those who did not know a key from a hayrack began to snicker, and some one laughed outright, when the new man searched his vest pocket, and this time brought forth a cigar butt. He reached one hand over for a match, got one, lighted his cigar butt and then, in the most beautiful copper-plate hand, began to hurl off the message, back reading what had come in and listening to what the instrument was ticking out. In less than five minutes he had caught up with the instrument and was loading over his smoke, giving the Buffalo man a chance to get ahead, so as to make writing worth while. For fifteen minutes the Buffalo man stuck out the furious clip. Then he opened another wire and, 'Is no one at that key?' he asked.

"Go right ahead, don't mind," answered one of the other men, and for the rest of that night the Buffalo man fired and fired in his stuff, while the tramp loaded and handed in sheet after sheet of copy.

"The words fairly entered that chap's ear, and without ever running through his brain came out at the end of his pencil. Among the things sent by Chambers that night was a list of names, and it seems that toward the end of the story he wanted to make sure that one of the names was spelled right.

"See how I spelled the third name on that list," Chambers sent.

"What list?" asked the tramp.

"Why, the list I gave you, of course," said Chambers. "Wait!" said the tramp, and began to look over the copy. He found it and gave a short laugh. "Hanged if I knew he sent me that," he said aloud to himself. And then he proceeded to square himself with Buffalo. Even we fellows alongside couldn't make out the name, he sent it so fast. Three times he repeated it like chain lightning, spelled it slowly and deliberately a fourth time. The heart of the Buffalo man was broken that night. Never again did he try to get funny.

"What about the tramp? Oh, he got what was coming to him by the end of that night and none of us ever saw him again."

"That man is extremely suspicious, as he thinks everyone he sees is a shady character, and naturally, too." "It's his nature, I suppose."

"Not at all. He wears smoked spectacles."—[Baltimore Herald.]

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times does not undertake to answer, either in this department or by mail, inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest, will receive attention in these columns. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication.]

Patent Foods.

THE following, from the London Telegraph, should be read by those people who are cranky on the subject of patent foods:

"In a lecture delivered before the Southwest London Medical Society, Dr. Robert Hutchison has been doing his best to smash some popular idols. He asks at the outset what is the necessity for patent foods at all, and, although he admits that there are certain scientific conditions which might justify their existence, he proceeds roundly to declare that 'not one of them is worth the money asked for it.' In one much-used food there are 6 units of energy for a shilling; in another 9, and in another 16½, while in a shilling's worth of meat there are 511; of eggs, 1065; of milk, 3440, and of sugar nearly 5000. Even in the matter of compactness, says Dr. Hutchison, artificial foods, as given to the patient, do not compare favorably with many natural foods. For example, if it is a question of giving sugar, a pound of honey, at 9d, is a better source of sugar than a pound of malt extract at 3s. Again, take cod liver oil emulsions, as a means of administering fat. 'In cream you get a more valuable substance, because ordinary cream contains more than 50 per cent. of fat, and butter fat is as easily digested and absorbed as the fat of cod liver oil, besides being much more palatable and considerably cheaper.'

"There are emulsions of lard, but they are no richer in fat than butter, which contains 80 per cent. Again, there are other foods, combining fat and carbohydrates, or sugar, which cost 8d or 9d for two ounces, but chocolate contains more of both, and common Everton coffee consists of equal quantities of fat and carbohydrate without water. So the doctor goes on, saying grievous things of many products we look on with great respect, but he observes for the comfort of the manufacturers that human nature is the same as in the days when Naaman, the leper, refused to bathe in the Jordan, considering the cure too simple. 'If you tell a man to drink milk or to take any ordinary food he will probably pay no heed to your advice, but if you tell him to take So-and-so's patent food, which he has some trouble to get and for which he has to pay a good deal, then he will diligently take large quantities of it, and boast that he is doing so.' At the same time, there is no doubt that in the vastly complex chemo-physiological problems of diet there is a place for patent foods, and, as the doctor admits, from the mere point of view of faith they will often be more valuable than more commonplace remedies."

Just now there is a perfect rage in this country for various preparations of grain, which are sold under all sorts of fanciful names. It was recently announced that the proprietor of one of the latest of these preparations is prepared to spend a million dollars in advertising it, which shows how much profit there must be in these foods. Indeed, as they all consist simply of wheat, oats, barley, corn or rye, or mixtures of the same, usually partially roasted, and as the average price of the grain in carload lots, would not be more than a cent and a half a pound, while the average selling price of these foods is ten times as much, it is easy to see that there is a big margin for profit, after the heavy advertising bills have been paid.

By purchasing a small handmill, any person can have a good, fresh, palatable breakfast food, in the shape of whole wheat, ground up, which will cost about a cent and a half a pound, and a few minutes' work every morning. If desired, this preparation may be slightly roasted in a frying pan, before boiling, which gives it a more nutty flavor.

Superfluous Hair.

THE following communication from a subscriber has been referred to this department:

"A short time ago in your correspondence column of September 23, there appeared an article saying that ammonia would eventually kill the growth of hair. I am troubled with superfluous hair on my upper lip. I would like to know whether you must pull the hair out first before using the ammonia, and will it make the hair any darker or coarser if it should grow again."

The editor of this department has no knowledge of the use of ammonia for the removal of superfluous hair. It is generally understood that the only efficacious means of accomplishing this is by means of electricity.

Medical Ethics.

A DISPATCH from Chicago announces that the celebrated Austrian physician, Prof. Adolph Lorenz, of the University of Vienna, had made a special trip to Chicago, for the purpose of operating upon a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, who has been a cripple from birth, that the operation had been performed in about two hours, and that the distinguished European physician received \$20,000 and expenses for the operation. It is stated that Prof. Lorenz, on the following day, was to perform practically the same operation, at a clinic before the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he would have four poor patients who were to receive treatment free.

This is in accordance with the ethics of the reputable portion of the medical profession, whose members are in the habit of charging large fees to those who are able to

pay them, and of treating poor people for little or nothing. In this way, they, after a fashion, make the rich people pay for the services rendered to the poor. The fee obtained by Prof. Lorenz is small in comparison with some that have been paid in this country, especially when it is considered that he had to travel several thousand miles. Again, an Armour can better afford to pay \$20,000 than a poor person—or even a person of moderate means—can afford to pay 1 per cent. of that sum.

A Silly Argument.

THE San Francisco Examiner recently contained an able editorial on the subject of vegetarianism, in which the writer argued that man cannot digest solid rock, and that therefore it is not proper for him to be a vegetarian, but to take his food after it has been transformed into the flesh and blood of an animal, which has eaten the grass that has been formed from the rock and other material.

This argument is silly and superficial, and will not bear a brief examination. If food is improved by being transformed from the vegetable into the animal form, then we might proceed to argue that a still better variety of food would be human beings, or carnivorous animals, which feed on cattle and birds and fish, and so still further transform the foodstuffs.

It is certainly a roundabout way to obtain nourishment by making it first pass through the bodies of animals, even apart from the extra danger which this involves, of diseases from which few domesticated animals are entirely free.

There may be some good arguments to be advanced against a sensible form of vegetarianism, but this is certainly not one of them.

Typhoid Fever.

A PAMPHLET has been received entitled "Typhoid Fever from Sources Other Than Water Supply," by M. A. Veeder, M.D., of Lyons, N. Y., reprinted from the Medical Record of July 26, 1903. The author maintains that typhoid fever comes from many different sources. Here is an extract from his article:

"Such observations as the writer has been able to make lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the burial of typhoid material in the earth, without adequate disinfection, is the surest way of perpetuating the disease in any given locality, keeping it alive from year to year, and causing it to become endemic. This procedure is far more effectual in perpetuating the disease locally than is mixing these excretions with water, which does tend at least to get rid of them from the immediate vicinity by carrying them elsewhere—large cities, for example, freeing themselves at the expense of their neighbors downstream—which ought not to be, and which could be avoided, if only we thought so, and would take the requisite precautions, as will appear in the further course of the discussion."

Consumption Cures.

PASADENA correspondent writes to ask advice in regard to claims made by a physician, who recently came to Los Angeles, with a considerable flourish of trumpets and a new asserted cure for consumption, by the injection in the arteries of some private preparation. The correspondent states that he understands the fee of this physician to be from \$500 up, according to his patient's circumstances, and that he evidently does not care about the case at a smaller fee, as the correspondent received no reply to letters of inquiry, since he stated that he could not afford a large fee. At this point, the interest of the enterprising physician suddenly appeared to grow cold.

The Times has frequently given, in this department, its opinion as to these new and mysterious asserted cures for consumption, which crop up every few weeks in Europe and America. They should all be regarded with mistrust, or at least with suspicion. Probably the only real cure for consumption is to build up the tissues of the lungs, by assimilating as much wholesome food as possible, and this can only be done by living in the open air, night and day, so as to absorb a large amount of oxygen. Fortunately for sufferers from this disease, this system is now becoming very popular, and there are many places in the mountain regions of the country where such cures can be carried out with all the facilities for proper care. One such institution is located in the mountains of Riverside county. It is, however, not necessary that a consumptive should go to any particular institution for the cure of the disease. If he will go up into the mountains and live in the open air, eat plain food and drink pure water, he will get well, unless his lungs are so far destroyed that a cure is impossible.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that to carry out such a cure as this, involves no \$500 fees. If the sufferer is unable to get away from town, he may still derive much benefit from living in the outskirts, where the air is comparatively pure, and spending every hour of the day that is possible in the open air. If, however, he has to work in a place where dust and impurities float around in the atmosphere, it will be very difficult to work a cure.

Another correspondent writes from Prescott to ask for an opinion in regard to another so-called consumption cure. The above answers his inquiry, also.

Death in the Soda Fountain.

THE Chicago Record-Herald says: Analyses made by chemists in the office of the State Pure Food Commission show that chemicals injurious to health are freely used in drinks served at many soda fountains throughout the city. Not only are acids such as salicylic and benzoic and the preparation known as formalin utilised as preservatives of syrups and fruit juices, but aniline dyes are not uncommonly employed in coloring them. The arrest of a number of drug-store proprietors will probably follow the investigations being made by the commission. Accompanied by two inspectors, Assistant Commissioner R. M.

Patterson made a tour recently, while more than a score of pharmacies were examined. Samples of syrups and flavoring essences were obtained from those already in the possession of the inspectors.

Remove the Cause.

A CORRESPONDENT wants a suggestion as to the cause of irritation of the stomach, caused by the use of medicine.

In the first place, leave off taking patent medicines, any other kind of medicine. Then, unless you are very ill, eat easily-digested foods, taking little and often. Hot manna, fried foods, hot biscuits, pie or other plenty of spring or distilled water, and for colds use lemonade (not sweet), buttermilk and cream. This, in connection with regular deep breathing and walking exercise, will soon undo the harm that has been worked by drugs, unless you have been taking them for a long time, when you will have to take the cure for a considerable period.

Substitution.

THE TIMES has received a circular from a firm of advertising agents, who handle a vast amount of patent medicine advertising. Among other things which they call the attention of the public to is the crime practiced by some druggists of substituting cheaper remedies for those which have been advertised, at great expense.

Well, now, how would it be for the public to insist that these so-called remedies—which in most cases are not remedies at all—and to practice hygienic living, that suit our friends of the advertising agency happens not.

Cure for Smallpox.

THE Public has the following:

Dr. Knaggs, although he has for many years practiced vaccination, inclines to the belief that the giving of the profession to vaccination has proved unfortunate in that it has served to prevent the more intelligent thought by experts and scientific men on smallpox, that has been given to diphtheria, typhoid fever, and other analogous scourges of mankind, which vaccination is not an accepted form of treatment. This physician has great faith in the efficacy of sulphur in time of smallpox contagion. He makes the significant observation that "it is known to be impossible to vaccinate a person successfully without using sulphur, or even onions—a vegetable that is rich in sulphur constituents."

If persons taking sulphur are immune from the virus of vaccine virus, might not this powerful remedy of diseases also fortify them against the germs of smallpox? This certainly is a thought worthy of consideration, especially in the light of further evidence that Knaggs advances from numerous recognized authoritative sources in England, Scotland, Canada and elsewhere, where sulphur, administered externally in ointments internally, first in glycerine and later as lemonade, has proved most effective in drying up smallpox pustules and causing them to fall away as a particle of pitting, while its administration has greatly modified the severity of the disease.

Deadly Every-day Dishes.

SAYS the Galveston News:

"Here are a few of the things found on our tables and sideboards every day that cities that are clean and chemist have condemned upon analysis as most harmful: Butter sweetened or kept sweetened by acid and chemically colored; jam, jelly and preserves even distantly acquainted with fruit, made up of gelatine, glucose and chemical coloring and made by mixing magnetic oxide of iron with water and rolled by means of starch into pills containing no vegetable matter whatever; pickles green by a preparation of copper; wines sweetened with glucose; beers rank with salicylic acid; whiskeys with proof spirits and artificially headed with acid and smoothed with olive oil. Is it not time for the passage of a first-class pure food law?"

Where Alcohol Fails to Preserve.

THE publication Beverages says:

"Experience of recent years has taught the insurance companies that mortality among those who with the supply of liquors is enormous. Breweries, for example, die about 50 per cent. faster than the man who works at a regular calling. Brewers, due to the general impression, die extensively from indigestion, while gout is an enemy which makes itself felt in this occupation. Brewers are also more than ordinarily subject to diabetes, liver diseases and other diseases. The general mortality among saloon-keepers is just twice as high as the average, and saloon-keepers from alcoholism just as fast as do the average of other occupations, six and one-half times as fast from diseases of the liver, six times as fast from diseases of the system, from rheumatic fever, from diabetes and suicide."

Whisky and Pneumonia.

THE Scientific American recently published the following, which furnishes another striking argument against the too general use of alcohol as a preservative and it must be admitted that reputable and experienced physicians are nowadays inclined to decrease the use of alcohol in their prescriptions. "The theory that whisky is necessary in the treatment of pneumonia has received a blow from Dr. J. H. York City, who discovers that in the New York City 65 per cent. of the pneumonia patients die of pneumonia, while in London, at the Object Hospital, only 5 per cent. die."

AN EVENING WITH DICKENS.

CONTESTS OVER THE WORKS OF THE NOVELIST ARE POPULAR—GAMES THAT INSTRUCT.

By a Special Contributor.

To entertain a company of varying ages and tastes there could not be a better plan than "An Evening With Dickens." Young and old, thoughtful and frivolous, grave and gay will enjoy an evening of puzzles founded upon these ever-popular works.

For the first game of the series secure at your stationer's a package containing forty-eight cards. Cards of this size is best for the purpose. Each four cards are supposed to represent one of Dickens' most famous works, and each of the four bears the name of a character prominent in the book represented. For example, the cards representing the story of David Copperfield have written upon them the names of "Dora," of "Peggotty," of "Mr. Murdstone" and "Wilkins Micawber." The book representing Pickwick Papers could have "Sam Weller," and "Mrs. Bardell," "Mr. Snodgrass" and "Mr. Winkle." The names of heroes which give titles to the works should not be chosen, as this would render guessing too easy.

Before beginning the game the cards should be thoroughly shuffled. They are then divided equally among all those present. The aim of each player is to get into his possession as many as possible of the books. In order to do this he must know, or guess correctly, the various characters of each story.

On receiving his cards the player examines them, and if he finds any "book," lays it aside. When no more books can be formed the drawing begins. Each player draws from his left-hand neighbor. If by drawing he forms a book he lays it aside. When no more cards remain in the hands of the player the books are counted. Each book correctly formed counts one point toward the game. Each book incorrectly formed causes the maker to lose five points.

The player to whose credit most points are found when accounts are settled up receives the prize—a book of quotations from Dickens' works.

If the party is a large one, if it exceeds eight persons, we will say, the forty-eight cards will hardly be sufficient. As the number of books cannot well be increased, increase their size instead. Let each book contain eight cards bearing the names of eight characters prominent in the story.

A Dickensian-Hodge Podge is yet another arousing game. For this seat the company around the table, in the center of which are placed a number of small articles, which, if correctly guessed, will give the names of famous characters in Dickens' works. The objects forming the name should not be placed together, but intermingled thoroughly. The players, pencil in hand, inspect the objects on the table and write down the names of the characters they think are represented. A correct guess counts one point gained. An incorrect guess, two points lost, so that guessing cannot be indiscriminately indulged in by any manner of means.

Here is a list of the characters, with suggestions, for forming them:

Peggotty; a wooden peg, the letter O from an anagram box and a caddy containing tea leaves. Nickleby; a nickel and jewelry in the form of a bee. Copperfield; a doll dressed as a policeman and a photograph of a field. Pickwick; an ice pick and a lampwick; Quilp; a quill pen and the letter P. Jingle; a number of little bells with a cord to string them on. Dora; a picture of a door and the letter A. Dedlock; a column of death notices clipped from a paper and a lock. Capt. Cuttle; a cap, a scrap of tan bark, and the canary's cuttlefish bone. Carker; the baby's toy car and a yellow china "cur." Bagstock; a bag, and the stock market news from a newspaper.

The third contest, a most exciting one, consists in describing the great author, as the children say, "out of your own head." As the connection between physical and mental characteristics and talents is indisputably established, this game affords all those who are interested in physiognomy and kindred sciences a chance to shine as bright particular stars, while those who know nothing of the matter may still win the prize by a lucky guess.

Each player is given a slip of paper with a pencil and is asked to describe Charles Dickens. No literary attempt is necessary. The player merely jots down color of eyes, hair, complexion, shape of nose and other features, height, etc. cetera.

A good biography containing a portrait should be on hand to serve as reference in revising the lists. An edition de luxe of one of the novels might reward the most successful contestant.

The fourth Dickensian puzzle, while it is entirely different from the foregoing, is equally good fun. To prepare for it, the hostess should take as many sheets of correspondence paper as she expects guests. Each envelope is addressed to some member of the company and stamped with canceled English postage. These stamps can be secured for a trifle from any philatelist. The letter in each envelope is the same. It reads as follows, except for the fact that the names of Dickens' stories given here for the convenience of the hostesses are represented in the epistles by dashes only:

LONDON, Dec. 20, 1902.

"Dear Friend—Soon after arriving in London I proceeded to the firm of Dombey & Son to exchange some American Notes for coin of the realm. On my way thither I learned the appalling news The Wreck of the Golden Mary. Whereas our passage had been quite fair for the midwinter season, this unlucky vessel encountered Hard Times immediately after leaving port. How fortunate that all on board were saved, including our Mutual Friend, David Copperfield. Had events taken a sadder course there would have been more than one Bleak House in New York this Xmas tide. As it is, several dozen families will sing A Christmas Carol of thanksgiving, and The Cricket on the Hearth of our good friend's home will chirp merrily as is his wont. I have seen little of London as yet, but have Great Expectations of enjoyment here. Have already yielded to

my antiquarian passion and purchased Master Humphrey's clock at The Old Curiosity Shop. I also indulged at once in half a dozen of those inimitable water colors—Sketches by Box, one of which I am forwarding to you and beg you will accept. Have you read the new book called The Lover of a Queen? It is, as perhaps you have heard, creating a great sensation here, (and is a Tale of Two Cities. I will write later, detailing my adventures. Meanwhile let me know if I can be of use to you in the case of The Pickwick Papers and the guardianship of that darling child, Little Dorrit."

A prettily-framed portrait of Dickens might be the trophy in this contest. It goes, of course, to the man or girl whose letter at the end of the competition shows fewest blank spaces and fewest titles incorrectly given.

FOLK LORE OF WEDDINGS.

FEW KNOW WHY FAMILIAR CEREMONIES ARE GONE THROUGH.

By a Special Contributor.

There is much marriage and giving in marriage these October days, and at each and every ceremony bride and guests are careful to preserve hallowed traditions. Superstitions may be defied on all occasions but these. A wedding without blue garters and rice and old shoes is almost, if not quite, as bad as Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark out of the cast. But, although everybody knows what should be done, to propitiate the good fairies, few have any idea of the origin of the hundred and one customs attending the wedding day.

The use of the ring is, without doubt, the most ancient and symbolic accessory of the celebration of marriage. So prevalent is the feeling regarding its indispensability that strange substitutes have been used in cases of emergency when the conventional hoop of gold had been forgotten. Curtain rings and key rings have done duty, and a more personal substitute has often been devised by cutting a ring from the bridegroom's glove.

Anciently a ring marked an office of great dignity, being worn only by a king or given by him to his messengers, that their authority might be established. As civilization advanced and woman's position was more chivalrously regarded, the ring was given her as a token of the high dignity bestowed upon her in the marriage ceremony.

The choice of the form of the ring is for a twofold reason—the poetic meanings ascribed to it, and the fact that its plainness makes it more practical for constant use. Among the Egyptians a circle was the hieroglyphic expression of eternity. Its adaptation for use as the marriage token in preference to a pin or earring or any other kind of ornament is said to be that it can be worn constantly, and is not put off with any particular garment; also, that it is always within sight of the bride, keeping the bridegroom in mind.

Various reasons are given for the adoption of the so-called ring finger as the resting place for this emblem, and to this usage also the fanciful and utilitarian mind have ascribed diverse origins.

The former interpretation has it that the belief was very current before the days of advanced anatomy, that a small artery ran from this finger to the heart directly. What could be more to the purpose of poetical logic than that the wedding ring should rest there? The choice of the left hand is by some supposed to symbolize the submission of the wife to her husband.

The practical mind disposes of these fancies by suggesting that in this position the ring was more protected from wear and injury or loss, as the left hand is not so much in use as the right, and this finger is protected on either side and is capable of a less degree of independent action than any other finger.

In many old pictures of the virgin, her ring was painted on her forefinger, as was the custom for the wearing of it in ancient Greece and Rome. This finger is the one nearest the mount of Jupiter, indicating the pride of dignity.

An old Italian custom placed the birth-month stone of the bride in her wedding ring, and this idea became elaborated into the using of twelve stones, one for each month, that no good fairy might be unpropitiated. Through this custom the ring became so enormously expensive as to be a severe tax on many a humble groom in the Middle Ages, and hence the revulsion to the plain circlet of gold in universal use.

The modern practice of a gift of jewelry from the groom to the bride (aside of the engagement or wedding ring) is a survival of the old institution of the "dowry," or purse of coins, which he gave her to signify that he had purchased her from her friends.

The giving of gifts by the friends of the young couple has a very different significance now from its original one. Instead of a token of compliment or expression of good will, it was anciently of much more practical import. It was frankly considered that the friends should by this means help the young people starting out on their life journey.

The wedding cake is a development of the three ears of wheat carried by the bride in very olden times as a presage of plenty of the good things of life. In time the grain thus formerly carried was ground and made into small cakes, which were thrown over the bride's head as she entered her first house. A pile of these flat cakes were laid one upon the another, after the manner of shew bread in old illustrations of Bible times. Thus by a natural evolution came the present form of one huge, round cake, for whose elaborate appearance and composition we have the French to thank.

The bachelor friends of the groom who have now the office of ushers were originally called "bride knights," and had the honor of conducting the bride to the church before the ceremony. For this attendance the bride bestowed a pair of gloves upon each of them, whence comes the presence of gloves among wedding trophies. It is also an old Belgic custom for the groom to give a pair of gloves to the bride during the ceremony, as he gives the ring; gloves as the covering of the hands, typifying the giving of the hand in good faith.

The probable precedent for the tying up of the bridal carriage and baggage of today in white is found in an

account of an English country wedding tells of the decorating of trees and where the bridegroom lived with white form of gloves and ribbons.

The bestowing of the bride's garter is a relic of the very ancient custom of giving a girdle immediately after the wedding ceremony on some favored friend. Formerly the garters, as many were often used) were given to some young men as a mark of honor, and authorities quote this as the probable legend. The only allusion to the throwing of the garter in former times is an account of a wedding in which the sole of the groom's shoe was placed on the bride's head, indicating submission.

Every country has particular legends and customs on this subject, and every usage connected with wedding had its origin as a symbol of some

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WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

WOMAN'S ESTIMATE OF THEIR WORK AND ITS EFFECT UPON THEM.

Concerning the work of women on newspapers, and the effect of the work on women, Kate Masterson writes in the Magazine:

A few of the women who have gained notable success in the newspaper field within the past decade have entered into higher literature, such as play writing and story writing, and have thus achieved additional success. Others have sunk the undoubted promise of their future into the more pleasant paths of domestic life.

The question of the suitability of the journalistic field for women is one which may be looked at from many points. Where there are so many who have succeeded in this line, who shall say that it is not a suitable one. The same rule applies to this as to every other walk of life requiring good health and nerves, perseverance and steady, earnest industry. It is generally acknowledged that the work of journalism is not even for men. A woman, over-sensitive, without good constitution, and above all without a healthy, might better choose some other arena for her battle with life than a newspaper office. There are, of course, numerous departments of the work, such as book reviewing, art criticism, fashion writing, and the like that are admirably conducted by women who are rarely brought in contact with the actual work of the office and its politics, but these positions are not for all. They do not fall in every lap, but are apt to be reserved for harder work in other fields. The closest constant association with men in the editorial department of a paper; the discipline of the work itself are not calculated to increase the gentleness or reserve of a woman's nature, while, on the other hand, all these are factors which will educate and train the mind and familiarize the woman writer with the real and varied aspects.

There is an undoubted tendency toward the deadly "new womanism" to the girl in this work which is almost to escape. There are undoubtedly women who preserve their womanliness, not only of soul, but through years of journalistic work; work which takes them into scenes unpleasant to look upon and more unpleasant to write of. They have the mission themselves to the unconventionality of work, and the frequent brusqueness of editors, and the present attitude of men employed in the newspaper is one of kindness, good fellowship and respect for the woman workers on the staff.

AN EARLY FALL LUNCHEON.

INTERESTINGLY REMINISCENT OF THE RECENT SUMMER'S OUTING.

By a Special Contributor.

At the close of the year, when people have torn themselves from the balmy ocean breezes, and the soft glow of the city, other worlds to conquer, society from her slumbers and puts on her thinking cap for the season of luncheon and dinners is at hand. In the early autumn when the mind is filled with memories of the summer outing, a luncheon devoted to these happy recollections is most enjoyable.

The luncheon is decorated with masses of mountain laurels of laurel leaves, and branches of cedar, and the aroma of the mountains throughout the room, and the wild flowers that bloom in the mountains give an effective touch of color. Fur rugs and the skins of mountain lions or of other wild animals in keeping with the idea, and snake skins may be introduced with good effect as wall decorations. A variety of open differing in size and variety is of interest and views of picturesque spots in the mountains or by the sea prove very entertaining.

The entrance is draped with portieres, made of shells, preferably clam shells, strung on fine wire. The luncheon is covered with finely polished shells of all colors, while the starfishes and other curious forms are used as wall decorations. From the center of the luncheon, which is festooned with fish net, long strings of clam shells are carried to the corners of the room where they are fastened under large polished

abalone shells. Quite a digression from the usual floral centerpiece is made by placing a small globe aquarium containing goldfish in the center of the table, and delicate sprays of sea moss are scattered over the white cloth. At each place a small polished abalone shell forms a receptacle for bonbons or salted almonds and shell spoons, which may be secured at any souvenir store, and are more ornamental than practical, make attractive souvenirs of the occasion.

The place cards are cut in the shape of shells and are decorated with pen and ink sketches of the summer girl. The menu is written on the reverse side of the card, and in the upper right-hand corner is placed the name of some familiar beach or mountain resort, which is represented by the person holding the card. As soon as the guests are seated a "court of inquiry" begins. Questions are asked which may be answered by yes or no, as, "Is it high?" "Is it low?" "Is it on the Pacific Coast?" etc. Each guest in turn is made a target for these questions, which eventually lead up to the name of the resort, and prizes are awarded to the two persons making the highest number of correct guesses. The following menu may be used:

Clam Soup (Served in abalone shells)		
Salted Crackers		
Oysters on the Half-shell		
Salmon Loaf with Egg Sauce		
Green Peas	Saratoga Potatoes	Pickled Figs
	Deviled Crabs	
	Shrimp Salad	
	(Served in Scallop Shells)	
Wafers	Orange Ice	Olives
	(Frozen in fish molds)	
	Assorted Small Cakes	
Walnut Wafers		Cheese
	Café Noir.	J. M. K.

WOMEN TO VENEER THEIR FACES.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA HAS SET THE FASHION OF VIOLET TINTED BEAUTY.

[Chicago Tribune:] American beauty is surveying a problem. If some bold, courageous soul who lives for the artistic alone will please step forward and solve it, a sigh of relief will arise from many fashionable quarters. The problem is this:

"Shall we or shall we not veneer our faces violet?"

It is not a question of dabbing the cheeks with rouge or painting a little youth in a face which has become middle-aged. It is not a question of doing a little repainting so delicately and gently that it may appear as the real bloom. This is a question of making a bold acknowledgment that the face has been treated with a remarkable violet color.

Of course, if no one in high quarters stood sponsor for the violet veneer there would be no problem. But that is just the trouble. In Paris and London it's the thing, and even if you say it's absurd, what are you going to do about it when it comes direct from the fountain head of fashion?

The Duchess of Marlborough is responsible for the problem. For the Duchess paints her face, and it is not the delicate secretive dabs which have been referred to. What the Duchess carries instead of her natural complexion, and that is said to be a good one, is a veneer of violet tint.

There is this about it to recommend it. You cannot tell a mother of 45 from her daughter of 20. Since the Duchess came back with her violet-tinted beauty, the fashionable women of the country have been asking each other:

"Do you really think you have the courage?"

And as yet no one has.

One of the first exclamations of an American visiting London and seeing the women of fashion there is: "Why, they all use cosmetics."

So they do, violet tinted. Queen Alexandra sets the fashion. To see her one would think her a woman of 35. And she is a grandmother. Mrs. Cornwallis-West uses the violet veneer and looks like a young woman. The mothers cannot be distinguished from their daughters if the observer be a few feet away.

Americans are inclined to wonder if this violet tint be the famous English complexion which has been asserted the most beautiful in the world. If so, it is possible for women of all nationalities to present the same appear-

ance. It is only a question of a little coat of violet paint.

London is given credit for having originated the new paint. Paris took the fashion readily and Berlin is beginning to show violet-tinted faces on the boulevards.

THE TYPEWRITER IN UGANDA.

Truly the march of civilization and invention affords strange contrasts today. The following quaint photograph is sent of a secretary of Sir Harry Johnston, His Majesty's commissioner in Uganda, surrounded by natives and at work on a Remington typewriter. The following is taken from Sir Harry Johnston's reports:

"In the thirst of the people for education," he says, "it is surprising what a number of men, boys, and even women have been taught to read and write in the mission schools. Several of the chiefs use typewriters; in fact, nearly all the official documents that pass between the regents and myself in the Lugandi and Swahili languages are nearly all typewritten by a chief or native secretary. The chief of Toro, on the borders of the Congo Free State, possesses a typewriter, also."—[London Tatler.]

CHOLLY'S BRIEF PROBATION.

Cholly (proudly): By Joye! I'm quite a professor of swimming, don't you know. I taught Mabel Galey how to swim in two lessons.

Jack: Gad! That was a quick throw-down.

Cholly (indignantly): What do you mean?

Jack: Why, she let me give her ten lessons before she learned.—[Brooklyn Life.]

Curse
DRINK

CURED BY WHITE RIBBON REMEDY.

No taste. No odor. Can be given in glass of water, tea or coffee without patient's knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, a "tippler," social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy.

Indorsed by members of W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Townsend, Secretary of a W. C. T. U., 318 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., writes: "I have tested White Ribbon Remedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. In many cases the remedy was given secretly. I cheerfully recommend and indorse White Ribbon Remedy. Members of our union are delighted to find a practical and economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work."

1 registers everywhere, or by mail, per box \$1. Trial package free by writing or calling on Mrs. T. C. Moore, Supt. W. C. T. U., Ventura, Cal. Sold in Los Angeles by Owl Drug Company, 330 S. Spring St.

Watch for the Crow's feet Prevent them by daily using

CREME DE LIS

Users of Creme de Lis believe in its efficiency so thoroughly that none of them are tempted to use the hundreds of complexion creams that spring up in a night and are gone in a day. Creme de Lis has been used for 50 years. It keeps the complexion healthful and removes all discolorations, tan, freckles, pimples, blotches, etc.

All Druggists 50c.

If your druggist has run out of it insist on his getting it. Nothing else will be as satisfactory. When ordering from us enclose 50c for full size, 10c for trial size.

E. B. Harrington & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Hi-Lo

GRAHAM WAFERS

Bishop makes them. Every grocery store sells them for 10 cents a package. A great big attractive package of delicious, healthful, Graham Wafers. Hi-Lo Graham Wafers are always fresh and clean—the package keeps them so. Every package of Hi-Lo is a great big ten cents' worth. Healthful for the children to nibble on between meals. Always good.

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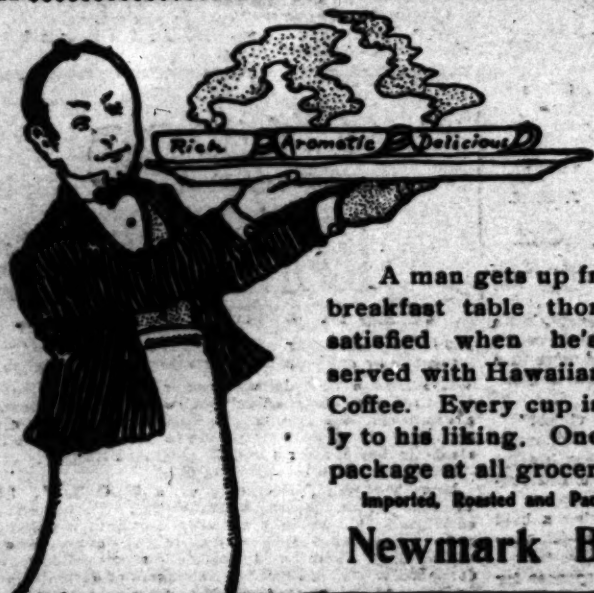


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Rubidoux Chocolates

When you buy chocolates, get the daintiest and the best—*"Rubidoux."* The exquisite fruity flavoring of Rubidoux Chocolates is not equaled in any other confection. Beautiful boxes, large or small, on sale at every first-class dealer's in California or Arizona.

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A man gets up from the breakfast table thoroughly satisfied when he's been served with Hawaiian Blend Coffee. Every cup is exactly to his liking. One pound package at all grocers.

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